DUKE CHRISTIAN

OF

LUNEBURG;

OR,

TRADITION FROM THE HARTZ

Honi soit qui mal y pense!
Alles für Gott und Sie

By Miss JANE PORTER,
AUTHOR OF "THADDEUS OF WARSAW,"
&c. &c. &c.

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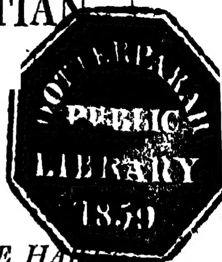
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CHAP. I.

TIME wore on, and Matthias was at last induced, by the affected moderation of Ferdinand, to fully credit that all of his former intolerance which had not arisen from the influence of others was now subjected to his better reason. On these grounds, when the Emperor found his declining health assume a warning aspect, he added to his former rival's nomination to the crown of Bohemia, his proclamation also as King of the Romans.

This object gained, and Matthias almost immediately falling into that state

of sickness which finished his separation from business, Ferdinand prepared to man his citadel against any opposition he might meet in his election to the empire, whenever the expected vacancy should occur. Meanwhile his partisans were greedy for some rewards in hand; and the Emperor having put it out of his own power to hold any further check on his presumptive heir, the latter became less cautious in his selfish proceedings, and boldly sent his own creatures into all the vacant places of trust in the empire. Bohemia, however, too well remembering his oppressions while pursuing his schemes with Rodolph, to be duped into any acknowledgment of his authority, refused to receive him or any of his deputies; protesting the right of electing her own monarch to be unalienable, and in proof of this independence, Budweits, a frontier fortress, shut its gates against his officers.

Hungary, not so much on its guard,

had been induced, on Ferdinand's first nomination, to admit his title; but on finding its native magnates displaced in favour of extortioners and tyrants, filling the treasury of the new sovereign at the expense of the people, the chiefs of the nation began some secret negociations with the leading men in the various towns of Bohemia; with the intention of throwing off his yoke, before the threatened arrival of Ferdinand to receive the oath of fealty, should be verified. Bernhard de Saxe, who was now ostensibly making the tour of the empire for his pleasure, sent this information to his Styrian master; and at the same time hinted, that if he meant to strike an effectual blow of intimidation, it had best be done in Hungary, that country having in some degree acknowledged his authority.

Ferdinand, in consequence, made himself master of the correspondence between the citizens of Presburgh and

those of Prague; which papers Bernhard had previously garbled in the way most suitable to his idea of his master's interest, as if it could be the interest of any sovereign to find his subjects traitors, or to make them so. But thus primed with firebrands against the country he professed to seek as an anxious parent, the yet uncrowned monarch left his confidential ministers, the Jesuits, to hold charge over the person and councils of Matthias, while he set forward towards the Hungarian dominions. And that no opposition might be attempted against his first personal movement in this desperate game, he sent on before him his ministers of state for the kingdom, under a formidable escort; but with every profession that the Styrian prince came in peace and good-will to his subjects. The inhabitants, taken by surprise, had not time to rally a thought for opposition; nor was there then power, unless the whole land had risen *en masse* to repel

the intruder by the sword. Hence, all that could be done in the face of the great array Ferdinand brought as his body-guard, was a tacit compact to allow things to take their course.

The "self-empurpled" monarch, therefore without impediment made his public entry into Presburgh, at the head of a body of troops numerous as an army. A formidable train occupied the city gates and the towers on the bridge, while the rest took up their quarters wherever was most convenient throughout the town. These men were sufficiently acquainted with their leader's intentions towards the capital in general, not to be over delicate in chusing their lodgings, or scrupulous in their conduct there; the consequences were, insults on one side, and indignation on the other, till blows ensued in almost every house; and when the outraged inhabitants found themselves compelled to turn any of their brutal guests out of doors, then the affray

continued in the streets; and even the peaceable passers-by were fired on by the inebriated and furious soldiers. The magistrates in vain exerted themselves to quell the tumults which existed in different parts of the city the whole night; and before break of day, the streets, and the interior of many of the houses, exhibited sights more like the horrible spectacle of a place given up to military plunder, than the capital of a sovereign just arrived to greet his new subjects.

In the morning, representations were sent in to Ferdinand, bewailing what had happened, and imploring redress. For the officers commanding these ferocious troops had refused disturbing themselves in the night, to quiet what they chose to suppose no more than a licentious brawl provoked by the inhabitants. Ferdinand triumphed in having his authority acknowledged by this appeal, though he knew the most submissive terms in it

were inserted much against the wills of some of the most respectable of the national council; and therefore, affecting displeasure against his officers for their neglect, he issued orders for all the civil authorities of the town, and nobles besides, to assemble in his palace that day by noon, that the affair might be duly examined, and the delinquents punished, without any respect to persons whatever.

Satisfied with so unexpected a promise of impartial justice, several of the magnates, who might otherwise have remained coldly reserved in their houses, hastened to the palace, to acknowledge a monarch whose first personal act appeared so fair a pledge — nearly five hundred persons, therefore, in whom were vested all the native power of Presburgh and its neighbourhood, civil and military, crowded together within the royal courts. The gates were closed on them; and after an appointed signal all were conducted to the great hall, where

they saw Ferdinand seated, not in his royal robes, but in a field-marshal's uniform, and every thing around him having more the air of a court-martial, than a bench of civil justice. The persons present were mostly in military uniform, and he held a bâton in his hand rolled round with a scroll. The officers whom the magistrates had charged with neglect, stood on one side of the monarch, rather in advance; and others of the staff, on the opposite quarter near a table, where a secretary was placed, and close to him stood a person of a rough and savage exterior, with a coffer and drawn sword before him.

There was something in the aspect of the chamber, and this preparation, that made the magnates start on the threshold; but they proceeded. A low murmur, however, passed amongst them, sufficient to create a buz, and sanction the proclamation of the secretary for silence. On their obeying a command to ap-

proach within about twenty paces of the throne, Krapak, the chief magistrate of the town, was ordered to prefer his complaint against the soldiers and officers of his Imperial Majesty, then quartered in and about the city of Presburgh. The answer was a brief recapitulation of the unprovoked aggressions of the men upon the families which had received them with hospitality; and who they had thus repaid with every outrage of human nature. The charge against the officers, was their utter disregard of every application for protection; that they even saw the poor inhabitants flying from the soldiers in the streets; heard their cries, and the incessant firing on them; and yet persisted in refusing to issue any order to stop the wanton carnage.

Ferdinand turned to these men, and inquired what they had to say in their defence. Count Tilly, their commander, replied, that his Majesty's secretary might find it in that coffer. It was opened, and

a paper taken out, stamped with many seals. Whose they were, could not be discerned by the Hungarians at that distance; but they pretended to be vouchers to the truth of what the paper contained: a circumstantial accusation of treason against the whole town, from its highest magistrates to the meanest classes of the citizens; and with the names of each individual then present, as some of the most noted in the conspiracy, to exclude Ferdinand from his royal seat in Hungary; and unite in support of the Bohemians, in their traitorous association to the same purpose. This paper was read to the astonished complainants, as a just reason for the treatment the people had received from a loyal soldiery, considering them as a city of rebels; and since the King had promised to judge the matter, without respect to persons, he had only to pass sentence on the misleaders of the populace; so many of whom were then present.

" The meed of punishment, for whomever your Majesty might find guilty," continued Tilly, " is now on the royal truncheon."

" Who amongst you," cried Ferdinand to the chief magistrate, " can contradict these accusations on yourselves?"

Confounded alike at the accusations, and the abrupt demand for a defence, which must embrace so many points, (truth and falsehood being so cunningly interwoven in the particulars, as to require time and thought to disengage the web,) the whole were dumb; and some, not so brave in spirit as in language, seized with despair at the sudden gasping paleness of their chief magistrate, threw themselves on their knees. The consternation this abject movement caused in other of their fellows, precipitated more than one-third the number to the same position; some of whom cried aloud for mercy, while Krapak himself, giving up all for lost, in the moment of his desperation

sunk down also in speechless terror. Not one of that prostrate group thinking any thing else, but that immediate execution, and from the hand of the ruffianly-looking person near the table, was to be their sentence.

Those of the party who yet stood upright, appeared to each other like lofty pines, against which the expected lightning would be first and inevitably struck; but to crouch thus to avoid it, were a blast to their honour, too dear a purchase for life.

Ferdinand was amazed at the scene before him, and looking with redoubled sternness on them who remained erect, he threw the scroll from his bâton towards the secretary, commanding him to read the sentence. It denounced on the offenders, the instantaneous death of a traitor, the confiscation of their properties, and the expunging of their names from the family registers of their country. Groans and reiterated prayers for a

hearing, for the clemency which became his royal power, were the heavy responses from the group grovelling at his feet. Indignation alone possessed the breasts of the men who yet stood; and as one of the most vociferous of the petitioners even bent his head to the ground, in making his supplications, his fellow-citizen standing by his side, could not forbear setting his foot on his neck. "Wretch!" cried he, "were you not the brother of the wife I shall never see more, this trample on that coward throat, should hush that disgraceful requiem to a death, the meanest nor the bravest cannot now avert."

These words caught the ear of an old general on the right hand of the throne, who whispered Ferdinand; but neither of them looked on the citizen, while they continued a moment or two in close and low discourse. An awful silence, meanwhile, prevailed throughout the condemned. The King, as Ferdinand then chose to

designate himself, next turned to the secretary, and whispered him. He bowed to his sovereign, and advancing to the citizens, told them it was his Majesty's commands they should rise and withdraw into the interior hall; there to await the monarch's decision, after he had shown them the mercy of consulting with his civil councillors.

Some with a faint gleam of hope, and others in despair of any, rose silently from their knees; and a simultaneous movement of all, obeying the mandate, the whole train turned through the opened doors into the chamber of the expected doom. The bolts were drawn on them; and there they remained for many hours, in the most torturing suspense. For even the most intrepid, who had resigned themselves with hardly a pang to the first sentence of the tyrant, could ill bear that long interval of doubt and uninterrupted meditation on the consequent distress of those dearest to them. For

himself, in such an hour, the brave man may not have a shrinking thought; but in proportion to the virtues which constitute his magnanimity, his heart yearns to spare those who hang on him for protection and peace; and with those contemplations the sting of the patriot's death abides.

Just as the shades of evening deepened the gloom of the apartment, an officer, with two priests, entered from the King; announcing, that in compliance with the intercession of his Majesty's own august compassion, he would graciously pardon the offences of all present, on the following conditions.

Every ear was bent forward to hear; but a word never escaped the lips of any. Shame had reproved the hearts of many, during the long suspense; and fear tied the tongues of others; for the rest, they scorned to remark on the mockery of justice. The herald then proceeded to pronounce the conditions.

" They were to renounce confederacy

with all states or persons in any way inimical to the interest of King Ferdinand; and at the next diet deliver up all letters, writings, &c. relating to such states or persons. Also to surrender, without exception, all the acts of their privileges and immunities, and be satisfied with whatever the King should ordain or restore; also resign their vassals, and lands to the King, and to his heirs, as lawful sovereigns of Hungary; bringing in likewise all the arms and ammunition of the city, to lie at his Majesty's pleasure. If they did all this, and now took a solemn oath to that effect, giving answerable hostages for its performance, then the royal Ferdinand would pardon the whole people, excepting only a few eminently mischievous persons; and whom his Majesty had determined to chastise with a signal punishment."

On the recital of these hard terms, Krapak, the chief magistrate, stung with the lofty silence of those of his compeers

who had disdained to bend with himself before the frown of the usurper, tried to assume some answerable dignity; and required time until the next day, to deliberate with his colleagues then present. But the messenger knew that no opportunity was to be allowed the people within or without the walls, to rally their presence of mind; and his reply told them, they must decide immediately, or abide by the first sentence, which had condemned all, without mercy.

On this threat, every man set his seal to the deed presented them. For they were told, if one name should be found wanting at the end of the scroll, it would render all the rest of no account.

"We sign it," said the leader of those who had not bent the knee; "but we consider it no bond, to prevent the protest of our nation against this compulsory act; to be made in the open day by our countrymen, either in the diet, or in the

field, washing out this black stain with our blood!"

After the signature, the citizens were dismissed to their homes; but in passing through the first gate of the palace, those who had intimated this future resistance, were arrested, and conducted to separate places of imprisonment in the dungeon part of the building; while with similar views of becoming master of the persons of all most hostile to his forced government, the self-inaugurated tyrant sent his summons to all the cities of the kingdom most adverse to him, commanding the attendance of their chief magistrates and magnates at the diet of Presburgh on a certain day.

As these municipal bodies arrived, they were successively to pay their duty at the palace; and in the manner of the magistrates of the capital, they were tried by a despotic tribunal; and only acquitted on the same terms with their pre-

decessors; while the most powerful were kept confined till they paid considerable sums in ransom. Not a few of the aged and most timid, lost their senses from terror; and others, making their escape by bribes or stratagem, spread amazement and despair throughout a country evidently designed for destruction.

In the midst of these outrages the diet was held, where Ferdinand, according to his plan of universal intimidation, had five of the most illustrious of the citizens of Presburgh beheaded in sight of the assembly. When the leader of the patriot band appeared upon the scaffold, and saw Ferdinand through the open arcade of the council-hall, "Usurper!" cried he, stretching out his hand, "I summon thee to answer for these murders before the King of kings! The blood of age, and of manhood, cut off in its prime, cry to Heaven against thee, and the vengeance will come.—I give my life, not yield it, as the first loadstone in this

scale, to thy perdition." Ferdinand commanded the drums to roll, to silence him. The victim turned with a lofty resignation to the block, and laying his head down: "Strike," said he to the executioner, "I speak not again, till the last trumpet calls yon tyrant to his judgment."

The axe severed the brave neck at a blow. The stroke fell successively on three others; but when the executioner turned to the fourth, the hoary-headed Krapak; who, like the British Cranmer in almost a similar cause, had repented his momentary apostacy, and declared with the others for the protest, his aged eyes were closed. Those strokes on his colleagues, and one was his own son, had broke the over-strained strings of his heart. His blood, indeed, was spared; but the life so destroyed was one day to sit heavy on the soul of Ferdinand.

At the close of this massacre, the diet opened. The high chancellor then

declared, in the King's name, that on account of the late premeditated rebellion, few there deserved more favour than had been shown to the five traitors who had just expiated their treason with their lives; but that in signal mercy, the representatives of the towns and cities, and their adjacent magnates now assembled, were not only pardoned by their offended monarch, but allowed to take their places in that great council of the kingdom. Those who heard it, took this affected amnesty according to their different dispositions; but every man received it in silence. Their privileges were then examined, and those only restored which suited their new master's convenience. After the dismissal of the assembly, the artillery, arms and ammunition, with the fortress of the city, were all delivered into Austrian charge; and thus was Presburgh for a time despoiled of its honour and its independence.

CHAP. II.

But ill did Ferdinand calculate on the characters of the Bohemians, when he supposed so bloody a tragedy, acted in their so near neighbourhood, was likely to make him be more readily admitted amongst them. Matthias had indeed been induced to prepare his way, though not with any idea of the process his successor was dictating to the heralds of his government. The Emperor, by way of conciliation with the Protestants of the country, had accepted the services of the Elector of Darmstadt, who, during the last reign, preferring a scholastic residence at Prague to the duties of his own capital, had fallen under the influence of the Jesuits, and was now fluctuating between two faiths; but yet, the benevolent Matthias did not doubt that he, if

named a coadjutor with the regency, would have it in his power to essentially ameliorate every measure against the professors of the reformed ritual. The regency consisted of twelve persons, at the head of which were the Barons Slavata and Martinitz, with the state secretary Fabritius. These three men, more avaricious than bigotted, yet making the latter a pretence for obeying the dictates of their master-passion, no sooner were apprised of Ferdinand's successful oppressions in Hungary, than, without further orders than his example, they began the same system of extortion and violence, under the excuse of sequestration and penalties for persisted heresy. Indeed, the emissaries of these law-givers were accused of hunting the poor Lutherans of the hamlets, even with dogs, from their places of worship; and forcing them, at the point of the bayonet, either to embrace popery, or pay the value of all their little store for the support of

their families, into the coffers of the regency. Partial oppositions were made to these outrages, wherever they appeared. But when encouraged by the growing wealth in their treasury, thus accumulated, the rapacious triumvirate began to attack Prague itself, then they trod upon a sleeping serpent; and soon it recoiled with stings in every quarter!

Count Thurn, a nobleman of large Bohemian possessions, though originally from Hungary, and whose brother the brave magnate, had perished in the massacre at Presburgh, was prepared in soul and arms, if need were, to oppose at every step these threatening emissaries of a similar decree; and encouraging the citizens of Prague to make a stand against the first attack on their privileges, by sending an immediate deputation of remonstrance to the regency, he went himself in their train; resolving to make up, by an address of his own, any deficiency

in the energy of the delegated speaker. The procession set forth from the town-hall towards the palace, where the Austrian council sat. This ancient structure of royal dignity is surrounded by a dry moat, over one side of which the windows of the regency chamber project, thus commanding every motion from that side of the city. In approaching it, the cavalcade moved along the Scholsberg, the great street of the town; and whence the deputies beheld their fellow-citizens following them with acclamations and prayers.

On hearing the uproar, the members of the council, then sitting, hastened to the windows, and to their surprise beheld the march of the municipality in their robes of office, and the thronging populace behind. Slavata, and his coadjutor Martinitz, instantly ordered the iron gates to be shut. Darmstadt, who was present, urged the greater wisdom of hearing what a civic, and evidently un-

armed deputation might have to say. But the other two, and Fabritius in support of them, having acted against reason in all they had lately done, felt no inclination to listen to any argument in remonstrance; therefore replied — "There was no wisdom in shewing a vassal and heretical people, you would parley with presumption."

Hence, when the request was made for admittance, it was refused. The city heralds then demanded it as a right; and when that was also denied, threats accompanied the message, of firing upon the populace if their magistrates persisted. The mayor of the city then put himself forward, and demanded "In whose name the Austrian regency dared thus to menace the free government of Prague."

"In that of Ferdinand your king," returned Martinitz, "who is now on the frontiers, to make this people, like those of rebellious Hungary, know their master."

"Tell those men who sent us such a reply," returned the magistrate, "that we know no such king as he you have named. Till this moment, we paid deference to the regency, as representatives of the Emperor Matthias. But since he has abdicated the authority to which we elected him, and which our laws refuse him power to transfer to another, we now enter this, our own palace, to see by what authority ye still presume to sit here."

"Enter on the peril of your lives," was the answer; "our cannon are charged to the mouth."

Thurn cried from amidst the train, "Put a match to one of them; and not a man of you shall return to your master to tell the story of your crime! Down with the gate!"

The draw-bridge having been secured by order of the deputies, on their first approach, before the regency had now time to do more than threat, animal force alone

burst asunder the huge braces of the iron gates, and the procession entered. The hostile parley which preceded it, had given sufficient hint to some old soldiers amongst the populace to go back to their houses for their time-rusted weapons. But Thurn took care to have a sufficient number with his own immediate followers, to over-awe the Austrian guard, if necessary; when they were commanded to throw aside their civic cloaks, and shew those around, that none of their party should fall within those walls, without carrying a foe or two attendant on their shades.

To make a demonstration of contempt, or rather, perhaps, impelled by apprehension of some indignant act of resentment from the most exasperated of the deputies, (not a few of whom had secret as well as public causes for awakening such a fear), the majority of the regency called out to have the door of the hall barred against their admission. Indeed, the ad-

vance of their feet mounting the stairs, and along the gallery, sounded like the distant roll of approaching thunder; not a voice amongst them breaking the monotonous echo. At the door, Muller, the chief magistrate, struck with his mace, and demanded admission, in the name of the free government of Bohemia. Darmstadt conjured the two most enfuriated of the Austrian ministers, to comply, and dismiss the people quietly, until further orders from the Emperor.

"Not for my blood!" returned Martinitz; "and if they forcibly enter, we must cut down every man as he advances; for depend on it, the attack is for our lives." Conscious guilt made him thus anticipate a summary execution; and Slavata, sharing his dread with his crime, exclaimed to those around him, "Draw!" Every sword was out of its scabbard in an instant.

"Then, the Lord have mercy on us!" returned the grey-headed Darmstadt, re-

tiring a little back. "Nought but a miracle can now preserve us!"

The appalled ejaculation was hardly uttered, when the door flew from its hinges; driven inwards by the stroke of a beam of wood, like a battering ram; and over its prostrate surface, the deputies poured into the chamber.

"Swords drawn!" exclaimed Thurn, on the menacing appearance of the Austrians. "See, citizens of Prague, how ye are received! Every man then prepare his answer to such argument." And with the word, every deputy held firmer his staff of office; standing coolly, but resolved, behind their leaders, Thurn and Muller, who were to deliver the city remonstrance.

Martinitz, seeing they had no fiercer weapons, and by this time become even drunk with rage at his contemned power; at the first word Muller attempted to utter, commanded him to silence — to march back his rebellious crew, or expect

the city to be levelled with the ground, on the approach of Ferdinand. "For ourselves," cried he, "we are here armed man to man, and will fight for our lives; but slay us by your multitude, and our master manures his kingdom with your carcases."

Muller advanced with spread hands, still desirous of being heard. Martinitz snapped a pistol in his face. "Take that for warning!" cried he; "we do not threat in vain!" The ball grazed the magistrate's cheek, and the blood flowed. The sight was signal sufficient to Slavata and Fabritius, who both fired into the group of deputies.

"Villains!" cried a voice from behind, "how dare you call this the representative of majesty!"

"Down with them to the earth themselves!" was the denunciation of a hundred tongues, as of one; and before a second thought could be given to what those who uttered it, meant, the windows

over the moat were thrown open, and Martinitz, with Slavata and Fabritius, at once precipitated. The press of all who uttered the sentence, had seized them in the surprise of a moment, and the leaders of the regency were seen no more, before their coadjutors could point a sword in their rescue ; and now hesitating what to do in their defence, the confusion was terrible. Darmstadt, who from the first of the city's entrance, foresaw some dreadful termination from the violence of his friends, had sunk upon his knees, embracing a crucifix, which always stood on a small altar in the council-room. At sight of this act, which the new assailants deemed an act of idolatry, two of the most exasperated of the citizens threw themselves towards him, exclaiming—" There is the hoary apostate from our faith ! Let him follow his confederates;" and in the next moment a stroke from the staff of one levelled him with the floor, and both would have

instantly hurled him from the adjoining window, had not stronger arms withheld them. "Christians!" cried their opposer, "for so ye would be thought,—how dare you touch that venerable head, unarmed, and uttering prayer!"

"Who are you, who presume to say us nay?" was the reply, as they gazed on the young and noble figure, which grasped them with the force of iron.

"George of Luneburg, who will never turn his back on the freedom of Bohemia, till it sheds innocent blood."

The men let go their hold, and retreating a step or two in reverence of the Prince, whose name was then coupled with the bravest in Christendom, he raised the almost swooning Elector, who, leaning on him, had only strength to say, "If you would preserve more than my life, take me to the Darmstadt palace, where my family may already be struggling with the enfuriated mob."

George, till that moment, was not aware

it was the Elector he had saved; and soothing him with every promise of protection in his power, for him and his, threw his own military cloak over the regency robe of the suspected Protestant Prince. In passing through the tumultuous crowds in the council-hall and galleries, all respected the uniform of Luneburg; but the confusion was so great within and without the palace, none knew the fates of those they had launched into eternity.

Count Thurn hastily approached George as he was leaving the hall. The two citizens had apprised him of his presence. "Prince," cried he, "Heaven has sent you to our support!"

"Heaven has sent me to support them who do not dishonour the cause of Heaven!" returned he.— "When I have protected these venerable years to his home, I will return, my friend, to hear whether this scene agrees with your principles and mine."

"Our cause will thank you for this

interposition," replied Thurn. "And for your charge, if he be yet just enough to speak to the truth, after fellowship with such villains, he will bear us witness we had provocation."

"The God of all breathe peace amongst us!" muttered the old Prince to himself, while leaning heavily on George to sustain his failing steps; with his head bent down to conceal his face from the throngs on the stairs, he was conducted in safety to the court-yard; where George, mounting him on his horse, took another himself, and ordered his own little escort to follow him.

"Way for the Prince of Luneburg!" was enough to command passage every where; and no obstacle of any kind impeded his progress for a moment, in a town that was in tumults from end to end.

The Darmstadt palace lay a short way beyond the southern barriers; and the inmates, having just been told of the insurrection, were in the greatest alarm for

the life of the Elector, at the very instant he appeared at the gates. A few minutes more conducted him and his protector into the hall of the house, thronged with his terrified and now rejoicing servants. But he would not allow any to take the news of his safety to his wife and daughter. " I will carry the tidings myself. Prince," continued he ; " they shall thank you for this preservation ; I have not words. — And for their sakes, I must yet request your farther safeguard from a country, I foresee will no longer be habitable by the friends of good order ?"

George took no notice of the latter compliment to the party he was supposed to espouse ; for resentment to a stricken enemy, and particularly to one in grey hairs, with him was out of the question ; and still tenderly supporting the old man, doubly enfeebled by agitation, he entered with him into the presence of the Electress. She was yet young when compared with her husband ; but evidently

in declining health; and from illness, as well as faintness from alarm, was lying on a couch, attended by her daughter; a beautiful creature, in the very morning of her youth. As she leaned over her mother, her long silken tresses hung over her dishevelled, like a mantle of light, hiding her face; but on the sound of steps in the anti-room, the intermediate door being open, she looked up, and with a cry of joy exclaimed—"My father!"

There appeared not a moment between that cry and the Electress being folded in the Elector's arms, with their daughter kneeling at his feet, bathing them with her happy tears. George contemplated the picture with a delight, which would have repaid the rescue, had it been at the expence of his own blood. The Elector, while yet sustaining his trembling wife, told her, he owed his preservation to the Prince of Luneburg. "Thank him, my Eleanor," added he,

to his still kneeling daughter; "for he has promised to protect us yet farther!"

Eleanor, who discerned nothing through her tears, but the preserver of her parent, —but whether old or young, she saw not —in the agitated fervour of her gratitude, passed her lips from the hand of her father to that of his brave companion. It was a moment George had never known before. When he beheld the soft azure of those guileless eyes, swimming in floods of gratitude to him; when he found the warm kiss of a daughter's duty upon his hand, it was then he felt a thrill shoot through him, which made him say within himself, "I restore her father, but shall go away myself a prisoner."

It was with a feeling, half jestingly at his new emotions, that he mentally uttered this; but before the interview was over, he might have repeated it more seriously to himself. The Elector led his wife back to her seat, where Eleanor, placed

again by her side, continued to support her mother's reclining head on her shoulder, while listening with true filial interest to her father's detailed account of the last terrific scene. The Electress spoke her gratitude, in reiterated thanks to his preserver, during the narrative. Eleanor now only looked her's, and the language of that varying complexion was eloquent. But no blush stained its delicacy, because she had paid the grateful tribute of her soul upon the hand which had brought her back her father. George, as he met those glances directed to him, which contained all the daughter, thought he had never before beheld any being in human mould so perfectly his idea of embodied innocence. She spoke rarely, indeed, but the words answered to the grace of her aspect; and he sat and gazed, and listened, till he almost forgot he had any thing then to do in this versatile world, but to banquet his captivated senses on one of its loveliest

objects. Paradise, he felt, was in that little room. That the world of man's banishment indeed lay without; the chaos of his passions, and the struggle of men to hold their places in the direful uproar.

The tumult of crowds running from and to the city; trumpets blowing, drums beating, and other military sounds, proclaiming a regular arming of the citizens, recalled him, all at once, to too sure a recollection, he was still in the midst of one of the most terrific convulsions which can assail a nation—the contest of the oppressed against the oppressor, where ambition or avarice arms brother against brother. Such pride was, indeed, a murderer from the beginning. Self-defence is called upon by nature, to repel blow by blow; but woe to the hand that makes it necessary. The first aggressor whom the sun ever saw killed his victim. But where was his triumph? He fled through the earth, haunted by

his conscience. The object of his jealousy, indeed, slept in his blood, but it yet had a voice against him from the ground; and its cry is heard to this day, warning the spirit of envy against the vengeance it may prepare for itself.

"They are coming, Prince!" exclaimed the Electress, turning suddenly on George, with a ghastly smile. "But you will not allow them to harm us?" And her arms instinctively folded themselves round her daughter, while her eyes fixed on her husband.

The Elector rose from his chair, and walked with a firmer step than he had seemed capable, to a part of the room where he remembered having accidentally left his sword, before he went to the council. George perceived his intention was to prepare himself for defence, in case his house should be forcibly entered. Eleanor remained pale in her mother's arms, and speechless; though with her senses perfectly collected, she gazed in

the face of the Prince of Luneburg, with a confident appeal to his protection.

"Apprehend nothing," returned he, instantly. "My followers are at the gates; and not a man of Prague would pass the Brunswick colours into these courts, were its people even mad enough to bring a curse upon their cause, by an attack upon the innocent."

With regard to the Elector himself, George urged, that though the chief citizens might know he always stood their friend, yet while men were under the influence of outraged passions, they did not always discriminate quite justly; therefore it was advisable he should refrain from showing himself at the windows, or doing anything to excite the attention of an exasperated mob. Darmstadt having yielded to the propriety of this caution, his preserver then told him, that his own duty now called him to the city, to learn of Thurn the intentions of the Bohemian senate; since all must now

be considered at an end between it and the pretensions of Ferdinand. Dismay again covered every face in the chamber. But George hastened to dispel it, by promising to return before night, and inform the Elector what was best to be done towards the secure removal of himself and family. Meanwhile, he should leave the Brunswick soldiers in charge over the gates. The Prince remarked besides, for their comfort, that no hostility seemed probable from the town; for though the sounds of preparing a military defence had been heard, they were totally unmixed with any of actual conflict. Hence he concluded, the Austrian garrison, after the loss of its ostensible heads, had deemed it prudent to shut themselves up within the keep of the citadel. "Indeed," added he, "the guns on its battlements were all in the people's hands, when I entered the castle; but having some influence among them, not a shot was fired."

"Heaven guard you from any against yourself!" exclaimed the Electress. "I fear the opposite party, if at all abroad, may not be quite so generous."

The Elector looked a reproof to his wife, and she paused, with a heavy sigh.

"In these circumstances," returned the Prince, "I trust alone in that shield, and hitherto have never missed its shelter."

"May its Almighty holder ever bless thee!" was in the eyes of Eleanor, as he turned from her mother to bid her a short adieu. Long did he remember that look; and most often too, in the tumults of insurrection or of battle, when the various cries, resembling those he heard at that instant, proclaiming all that was turbulent in the human breast, recalled to him, in strange coincidence, that countenance, as of the angel of peace, looking out from the clash of elements.

"Prince," said the Elector, as he parted with him at the chamber-door,

"you are a Christian, though—" he stopped, then hastily resumed. "For the sake of our common nature, as men at least, order that the remains of those three victims to their own and others violence may not be left to the dogs to rend and devour."

George gave him the assurance he wished; but as he withdrew through the anti-room, he heard the shudder of the Princess, and her gasping thanksgiving on her mother's bosom, that her father had not shared so horrible a fate.

CHAP. III.

It was in the evening when the Prince of Luneburg left the palace of Darmstadt, and it was deep midnight when he returned. He came, accompanied by three men muffled in their cloaks; but whom he immediately conducted to the private chamber, where he was told the Elector had been some time anxiously waiting him. The Electress, meanwhile, was preparing the minds of her agitated ladies around her, for braving the alarms with which the prospect of a journey at such a season overwhelmed them. Fearful indeed was the haste with which the orders were given to their domestics; and the trepidation with which Eleanor, who strove to set the example her mother's gentle remonstrances demanded, assisted in providing every comfort for that be-

loved parent so unthoughtful for herself. The carriages were all ready in the court-yard, to convey them on their dismal flight into Upper Saxony; and more than one of the panic-struck females in the suite, expatiated on the dreadful stretch of rugged mountains which formed the road one half of the way between Prague and the Saxon border. The night too, began to pour down torrents of rain, which encreased the anxiety of Eleanor for her mother; and its comfortless sound against the windows, united with the ringing of the bells in Prague, demonstrative of joy in its triumph; and the illumination of the city besides, with volleys of firing, which those at a distance could not well discriminate whether they were in conflict or acclamation, all tended to shake her young nerves. Till this day, she had never seen or heard a tumult of any kind, and its view was horrible. The steel had been pointed at her father's

life! And but for the Prince of Luneburg, her mother's and her own might now be in peril.

"Alas," cried she, shuddering, "only last night did the Barons Martinitz, Slavata, and Fabritius, sit in this very room, the gayest of my father's guests! And where are they now?—Mangled, lying exposed to all this frightful war of elements."

"Yes," returned the Electress, with a countenance expressing more than words, "power makes men giddy; and then it strikes recklessly, to hold itself in station, till sometimes over-stretching itself, this is its fate. The fall of virtue we venerate while we deplore, it is a new trial for its greatness. But that of the oppressor, twice do we pity, because his guilt is on him."

The Elector entered while she was yet speaking. It was to announce that all was ready for proceeding, that he was to take his place with them in the

first carriage; but the second would be occupied by three strangers, whose safeties would be even more in risk than his, should the light of day find them within the precincts of the city. A third vehicle was prepared for the ladies of the suite — and the Prince of Luneburg would himself lead the escort until sunrise. After which, it was necessary, for the future peace of all parties, he should return to Prague until the garrison had surrendered.

"But who are the strangers?" enquired the Electress, "persons still more to implicate your safety!"

"Nay," tenderly observed Eleanor, folding her arms round her trembling mother; "does not the Luneburg prince answer for all?—And should we limit any extension of his shield?"

"No, no," returned the Electress; "but fear is a coward, and cowardice is merciless. Did I ever think to feel it in myself!—But whoever they are, I

have not the right, and the base moment passed, nor the wish, they should not share our protection."

The Elector, however, to satisfy any remaining doubts in his wife's mind respecting these persons; and to convince her, he said, that the friends of Ferdinand were yet under better protection than the generosity of an enemy; confided to her and his daughter, that these mysterious fugitives, were no other than the three victims, whose dreadful fate had struck them with such horror. His astonished auditors listened speechlessly, while he related the particulars of their extraordinary preservation, as gathered from the Prince of Luneburg and themselves.

It appeared, that at the bottom of that part of the moat into which they had been precipitated, lay a quantity of mould, straw, and other materials of the sort, collected for the use of the palace hot-beds and gardens; and to prevent its being

offensive to the eye, it was overlaid with a quantity of green rushes to a considerable depth. The circumstance of this deposit, was unknown indeed to any body excepting the gardeners, who had temporally placed it there, and who could bring it through the subterraneous passages of the palace, by certain posterns that opened into the moat. Therefore, when the three members of the regency were cast from the windows, nothing but death could be in the thoughts either of themselves or their executioners. But falling on this elastic surface, and buried from sight almost immediately by the rushes, the two principal offenders were little hurt; though terror, and the very motion through the air from a height of six stories, sunk them senseless for awhile upon the bed that was their preservation. Fabritius was not so fortunate; his arm striking against a buttress, was broken in his descent, and when he

reached the bottom, torture kept him from sharing the swoon of his fellows.

The windows being at some distance from each other, whence the victims were precipitated, when they each recovered to recollection, could form no idea whether or no the preservation had been solitary; and none durst hazard, by sound or motion, giving sign to the populace above, that the enemies who had so long trampled on their rights, yet lived, to suffer, perhaps, a repeated execution. Martinitz, who was a heavy man, felt ill from the concussion within him; and had even resigned himself to perish, under those desolate circumstances, when he heard low voices in the moat, and presently after the footsteps of men approaching. Through the rushes he discerned a glimmering light, as from a small lantern. In breathless terror he lay close, believing that if found alive, his death would be inevitable; but just as the searchers

drew near the spot, he heard one say — "This is exactly under the place whence Martinitz fell. His body must be somewhere amongst these rushes; and perhaps it could not have found a more undisturbed grave."

"Not a more suitable one!" grumbled one of the men. "A dunghill for him, who has denied christian burial to so many of our brethren."

On hearing this, Martinitz, who had indeed used that means of forcing the people to receive it from the old priesthood; expected to have a pike or pitchfork immediately through him; and determined not to die unrevenged, he felt for a small knife he remembered having in his doublet, and taking it gently forth, unclosed it. At that instant a foot touched him, and its owner, who was the first speaker, stumbling from losing his balance in the soft rushes, fell on him, exclaiming, "Here he is."

The two men stooped to assist their Prince, but not before Martinitz, in the desperation of the moment, struck his knife at the heart of his fallen antagonist, as he supposed him. But the blow was prevented going deep enough, by the intervening hand of the Prince, which was cut across by the little weapon in its way to the breast. "My God," exclaimed he, "he is alive!—and has stabbed me."

"Then death be his portion," was the cry of both the men, and in one moment they would have trod out his life, if George, who then seized the knife, had not, while yet struggling with the despairing Martinitz, answered — "No, keep off, my fellows, and I will manage him." Then pressing him down with a strong arm, he continued, "Baron, it is George of Luneburg that holds you here. I sought this spot, on a different errand from that of outrage. Finding

you alive, I am incapable, even were I your judge, of any other act than to spare him whom God hath spared."

With the words, he let go the grapple of his hands. The sign and assurance were sufficient for Martinitz, for he well knew the character of the man who had given him his life. "Prince," answered he, "had I known you, this resistance would not have been made. It was the desperation of a man, believing himself in the grasp of an enemy."

George more easily excused his hurt, than his men seemed inclined to do; but obedience was their proof of duty, and Martinitz being raised, was soon conducted by them into one of the subterraneous chambers, near the postern whence they had entered the moat; and being left there in safety under the bolted door, the Prince turned to seek after the situation of his two coadjutors. Suffice it to say, that Slavata and Fabritius were almost immediately discovered

by their merciful adversary; and resigning themselves without a struggle to them whom they supposed the finisher of their fates, were happily surprised by meeting succour and protection.

When all were brought into the vaulted chamber, the astonishment of their preservation held them long in awful silence; and leaving them under the charge of his men, the Prince himself repaired to Thurn, not to give them up as prisoners, but to make their honourable return to their imperial master, a proof that, however guilty they might be deemed, the summary vengeance taken on them by the citizens, was without sanction from the magistracy of the city. Hence the chiefs of the senate, with Muller and Thurn at their head, signed a declaration to accompany the three barons; that out of reverence to Matthias, whom they had acknowledged their Sovereign, till he chose to abdicate in favour of one they had rejected from

the first; and above all, in reverence to the laws of mercy, as well as justice, they sent back these men in safety; to answer for themselves to him who had employed them to rule, not oppress, the people committed to their care.

This determined, Thurn recommended their quitting Bohemia in the suite of the Elector of Darmstadt; and indeed to leave the vicinity of Prague, under cover of the night, for should the populace discover their existence, no man could answer for an exasperated mob. "We might punish the perpetrators of violence," remarked Thurn, "but that would not restore life to the massacred."

When the Elector had related the substance of this extraordinary narrative, the Electress could not refrain from observing, that if the preservation were to be considered a miracle, and it seemed nothing less, "Surely, my lord," added she, "that a Prince of the Protestant league has been made the instrument of

accomplishing it, ought to convince us where the smile of Heaven rests."

"Augusta," returned the Elector, "are these constant remarks to be at last our perdition?"

The Electress had no time to reply, even if she wished to resume an argument which had already cost her domestic peace; for a messenger appeared from the Prince of Luneburg, to inform their highnesses all things were ready for their departure. On the party arriving in the hall, they found the wind so high, the flambeaux, yet under cover, streamed inwards from the open door, while those near the carriages were blown out. George stood at the porch, in his thick weather-cloak and hat; the long plumage of the latter being already so drenched, it lay dripping on his shoulder; but except by the fluttering gleams of the half-extinguished lights in the gusts, nothing could be discerned but the shadowy outline of each figure. Voices,

therefore, were the only sure intimation of who were present; and as soon as he heard that of the Electress, while approaching the exterior door, he stepped in, and whispered the Elector — "They are safe in the second carriage; the first is ready for her highness."

The step was down, and between his arms and her husband's, the invalid lady was lifted into the vehicle. With a parent's fond anxiety, she immediately put forth her hand to receive her daughter, who sprung to her mother's side without assistance; thinking, indeed, of the wounded hand, so careless of itself in the aid of others. The Elector followed; and the door was closing. "But where is our protector," cried she; "he is not to be shut out."

"He leads our cavalcade," answered the Elector.

"What! this pitiless night? Good heaven!"

"Pitiless to us, not to him!" returned her father; "we move as fu-

gitives, and yet in prison. He guides us in double triumph — a victor in his cause, and our benefactor, in conducting us to freedom."

The Electress wept in silence, that her husband had ever given occasion for such a distinction; for she was an unshaken Protestant, as were her daughter, and his son by a former wife: which Prince was now administrator over his father's otherwise neglected dominions. Eleanor made no further remark, but sat in meditation. Luneburg gave the word — "On," — and the cavalcade proceeded.

When he returned to Prague next day, he found the city comparatively quiet. But on entering the house of Thurn, a warm discussion still met him; nothing being yet determined with regard to the immured garrison; though all had decided during his absence, that the crown of Bohemia should be offered to Christian Duke of Luneburg, with the reversion to Prince George; and that a regular

civic deputation should wait on the latter with the proposal, as soon as he should return to the palace.

On hearing this, George was prompt in his reply; for with him it needed no consideration; and his first words absolutely declined the honour, both for his brother and himself. The reasons he gave, were briefly these. He and his brother owed a primary duty to their patrimonal dominions, and he did not deem them of sufficient power to make an unassisted stand with Bohemia. against the whole weight of the Austrian interest. The jealousy of other states, at present the friends of the house of Brunswick, would probably detach them, to remain neuter at best; and thus a body of aid would be disorganised, which, as an ally, the Duke of Luneburg could now bring forward to the assistance of any other duly elected monarch.

The council of Bohemia admitted the

cogency of this reasoning; and in conformity, none else was deemed so fit to fill the vacant throne, as one or other of the two great Electors, Saxony or the Palatine of the Rhine. The first was a young man of mature years, and answerable talents; but whose impassioned resentments, had thrown him too much perhaps for his own honour, into the scale of Ferdinand; and to conciliate, and therefore detach him, would be a double benefit; give a judicious monarch to Bohemia, and restore an estranged friend to the Protestant league.

In the event of Saxony not accepting the crown, which the Prince of Luneburg deemed very improbable, if properly enforced, "The alternative," remarked Thurn, "must be the Palatine?"

George shook his head—"It would be a crown of thorns for his young bride!" and he said no more; thinking at that moment of all the tender endearing sen-

sibilities of his sweet cousin; and of the secure rest of the happy kingdom in which she was born.

"But it would still be a crown!" rejoined Thurn; "and I am mistaken in King James, if he would not bring all England, if need were, to the coronation of his daughter, any where!"

"That may be," returned Luneburg; "but the Princess of England is not to be lightly thought of, Count. Elizabeth has the heart of an Esther; but I would not wish her the ill, of ever having to sacrifice her peace for the poison of a contested sceptre. Therefore, I repeat, let Saxony be the man!"

Thurn felt, that for many private reasons, he would prefer the manageable youth of Frederick for his sovereign, to the more determined manhood of his now proposed rival; but this he smothered in his breast. And trusting to his sagacity, for complying with Luneburg's counsel, yet finally compassing his own

wish, he arranged all immediate proceedings with the Prince; engaging that due accounts should be sent to the borders of Turkey, according to the progress of the affair. It was in his way to those provinces, where Matthias had stationed Mansfeldt as military superintendant, that George found himself in the midst of these portentous events to Prague. He was going to him from Duke Christian, with his conclusions on "the warning signs of the times;" the cruelties in Hungary, the aggressions on the Protestant principalities themselves; when this new business occurred in Bohemia, to finish the awful chain. George, however, in his conferences with Thurn, had discernment enough to perceive a towering ambition through all his patriotism; but ambition rather for power than distinction; and with an impetuosity towards its object, which did not always start back from the shortest way, should he have to overleap an act of injustice, in reaching

it. Hence, the Prince of Luneburg in parting with him, honestly said— "Thurn, remember we are men in a very responsible situation towards God, and our fellow-creatures. We are called upon by him, to make a stand against religious intolerance, and tyrannical usurpations; to defend the oppressed against wrong! We must therefore take care, that in fulfilling our commission, we do not go beyond it; or by performing one act of false expediency, under a notion that benefits may be the near or remote consequence, bring a scandal on our motives with good men; and set an evil example to ill men, for future generations.—*Our God, our laws, our legal authorities!* is the *impresse* for us to live and die by."

"And so I pledge you my soul," returned Thurn; and embracing, they parted.

CHAP. IV.

By the time these promised tidings reached George of Luneburg, he had made the circuit of almost every nation between the Carpathian mountains and the Black Sea. The accession of a new Sultan, and a new train of ministers at the Porte, very opportunely met the determination with which Mansfeldt, and his inseparable brother-in-arms Christian of Wolfenbuttel, had repelled every attempt at inroad; whether from the savage hordes of the Ottoman empire, or the rapacious plunderings of its more disciplined janissaries. Part of Macedonia, Mansfeldt had rescued from the most abhorrent oppressions of Mussulman despotism; and his fame in Greece, as well as in all other parts of the East where he had set his foot, filled Turkey with

a superstitious reverence of his name, and that of his coadjutor, against whom neither battles nor private assassins had hitherto obtained any advantage. The people universally considered him a kind of supernatural being, one whom enchantments, the *gefrorn* of the north, had rendered invulnerable; and an occult communion with spiritual visitants, almost omnipotent. Thus, while in the West his courage had been disparaged by Ferdinand, under a charge that he owed it to an armour bewitched by oriental sorceries; in the East the echo of the same tale, though deriving its impenetrable mail, or rather his invincible body, from the frozen regions nearer the setting sun, gave him a mysterious power in the Asiatic mind, either of a demon or a god.

Accordingly, he had only to declare his behests to the new vizier; a man of talents, yet sufficiently ignorant to believe the wildest stories of this report; and

enough of a coward, if he did not, to shrink from any contest with a sword of such victories. The German chief was therefore allowed to appoint whomever he pleased, whether native or other Greek Princes, to preside over the Turkish Christian provinces of Moldavia, Bessarabia, and Bulgaria. Walachia was already in prosperity and peace, protected by Michael Dracula; and Transylvania flourishing under the military government of Bethlam Gabor. A bold and determined knight in the cause of the wronged, whether the offender were his friend or foe; and in this spirit he had flown to the succour of the Hungarians, who had revolted as soon as Ferdinand withdrew from his visitation of oppression and bloodshed.

Mansfeldt, about the same time declining obedience to a mandate from Ferdinand, to march his troops into Transylvania and lay waste the country in revenge; the Styrian Prince demanded of the Emperor, the divestment of all

Mansfeldt's military honours, for what he called this act of rebellion; but Matthias refusing so disgraceful a return to his faithful adherent of former days, his arrogant successor in prospect, issued the decree of abrogation on his own authority alone.

Mansfeldt knew nothing of this, till after settling all behind him in peace, he arrived at his old encampment on the banks of the Teiss; and there he heard with consternation, of the anarchy with which the basely selfish ambition of one man was involving his own country, and most of Christendom besides.

George, at the same time, received letters of old and new dates, both from Duke Christian and Count Thurn. The latter informed him, that the Elector of Saxony having declined an immediate acceptance of the crown of Bohemia, on account of his recent engagements with Ferdinand, the deputation had proceeded to the Elector Palatine. And the result

was—by the time the whole of the packets before George were read through, they described Frederick's acceptance of the crown, his arrival with his Queen at Prague, and their solemn inauguration by the head of the Protestant church of the kingdom. Thurn concluded with saying, "That the young monarch commenced his reign under the brightest auspices. The Protestants, exulting in the prospect of living under a Sovereign of their own communion; and the people at large, enraptured at their deliverance from the yoke of a regency, who had commanded every man's coffers at the point of their swords. The northern powers had already acknowledged the title of the new sovereign; and it was hoped that King James would now redeem his forfeited honour to Germany, evinced in the broken heart of his brave son, by hastening to send a regularly accredited ambassador to the court of his daughter."

But other packets showed how falla-

cious were these hopes; and to add to the difficulties of this crisis, almost immediately after the accession of Frederick, the Emperor died. Who, indeed, on the arrival of Darmstadt, and the three barons of the regency, at Vienna, had issued forth certain conciliatory decrees in consequence; which, if permitted to have been put in practice, might have saved Bohemia to the empire, and the bloodshed of thirty years afterwards. But Bernhard de Saxe, on his watch in the capital, sent every information to Ferdinand, then on a course through Styria; and both contrived to have Klessel, who carried the bonds of future amity, waylaid by banditti, as was to be supposed; and for a time, neither he nor any of his suite were heard of. Meanwhile, Ferdinand hastened to Vienna, to keep guard over his other state prisoner; who, soon after, was relieved from his captivity by death.

Ferdinand, whose universal extortions

had all been for one purpose; by means of bribery amongst the venal ministers of the different courts of Germany, found little difficulty in mounting the imperial throne; whence the train was immediately laid, to take a full revenge on Frederick of Bohemia, and all who upheld his assumption of its crown.

The new Emperor's first act, was to deprive *le fameux bâtard de Mansfeldt*, as he disdainfully loved to call him, of all his titles, military and civil. "By inheritance," said the tyrant, "he has not even a name!" His territories too, whether bequeathed by his father, or bestowed by the two preceding Emperors, were all sequestrated. This was entirely personal revenge, and that is foremost in little minds. His next public movement, was to launch the ban of the empire against the Elector Palatine, as the usurper of Bohemia; and against Christian Duke of Luneburg, as his kinsman and partisan.

But before this imperial anathema was even suspected as probable, which amounted to the outlawry of both sovereigns from their dominions, Ferdinand, by means of his jesuitical emissaries, who were indeed *familiars* subtle as any spirits from Eblis, had prepared two large Spanish armies from the Netherlands, to throw themselves upon the Palatinate; which on a certain signal, they obeyed with such weight and surprise, that the peaceable administrator, Frederick's uncle, was even seized in the capital, and taken prisoner; and the whole of the Palatinate, in consequence, became the possession of Ferdinand.

His next step was to attack the young King in his new realms; and to this object, while one of the Spanish armies occupied the banks of the Rhine, he dispatched the other, with auxiliaries besides from the Catholic principalities, under the noted Count Tilly, to the Bohemian borders.

Christian of Luneburg, meanwhile, found himself as in a besieged city: Westphalia and the Rhine on one side, now in full possession by the imperial troops; and Upper Saxony on the other, the Elector of which treated him as an enemy. To bring that prince to so unnatural a dereliction from the cause of his ancestry, it was urged on him, that the Luneburg faction had not merely deprived him of the hand of the Princess of England, by their influence in favour of Frederick, but had hurried on the deliberations of Thurn and his colleagues; finally deciding them not to await the consideration of him to whom they had first proffered it, but immediately to place the Bohemian crown on the husband of their ambitious kinswoman. Thus was this brave and accomplished Prince wrought upon by the malignant passions of others, to become their instrument to nearly the destruction of a cause, in defence of which, had it been presented to him by

itself, he would have gladly shed his blood.

Thurn's concluding letter to Prince George, informed him, that Ferdinand's array was approaching Bohemia on the Austrian side, in considerable force; therefore, the next accounts would have to say, "whether Frederick wore his helmet as stoutly, as he wore his crown right gallantly; for nothing could exceed the noble simplicity of his court, and the gay content of the people."

"We must help him to do both," cried Mansfeldt. "For with the fall or stand of this Bohemian King will stand or fall a great Protestant bulwark, not only for Germany, but all the nations of the Reformation. George, you have had something to do in bringing Frederick to this post, and you must maintain him in it."

"If he had my heart," cried Wolfenbuttel, "he would maintain himself. Ye might be my hands and feet in such a

situation; but, by Heavens, I would be the head and arm myself."

Mansfeldt laughed. "It is all well, when that head of thine directs its arm to the right; but when to the wrong, then Lord have mercy on the side it overwhelms!"

George, while they were yet continuing the conversation, with the same half-jesting humour, looked serious; for he thought of Elizabeth, and her crown of thorns; for so it must be, when war and its concomitant civil commotions should break around her husband's hardly established throne. "Had it been Christian of Luneburg!" sighed George, mentally; "had she worn this troublous crown for him, every point would have been blunted. And yet, assuredly, she must now love Frederick! Her letter promised, that she would wed the chosen of her brother, with her heart. "Ah!" cried he, unconsciously speaking aloud, "had he lived, England would have

unsheathed a thousand swords in thy behalf——"

"Who?—what?" demanded Christian. "Whose slaughtered shades are you thus exorcising?"

"I am indeed thinking of one of the noblest of creatures, gone down into the dust, as if he had never been!—Henry Prince of Wales! You, me, Mansfeldt; we are all called to succour his sister; for whom, had he been living, his name alone would have commanded multitudes. Oh! my friends, to have fought by his side—to have fledged that royal eagle to the skies.—But he is there already: a better heaven than that of earthly glory. Impious that I was, to say he is as if he had never been!"

George was agitated by these recollections, and he walked awhile into the air alone.

"I could be jealous of the memory of that Henry!" exclaimed Wolfenbuttel,

looking after the departing steps of his cousin.

"Why," returned Mansfeldt, "would not the bards of his race say, he died without the object of your soul? — '*he died without his fame!*'"

"Yes," answered Christian, "I have that breath in abundance: some to bequeath his tomb, if it would benefit the poor corse beneath. But he was so beloved! When would George of Luneburg utter my name, as he did that Prince's just now? Not if fifty Turkish sabres had cut me piece-meal, and he had found my grave in Teiss!"

"Perhaps," returned Mansfeldt, "it is wholesome against vanity, we have no guess who will lament over our biers. But for my part, I should ever be more anxious to have my friend smile over me living, than weep over me dead. The first, advantages me — the last, can only harm themselves. Therefore, Wolfen-

buttel, toss up your sword, hilt or point, for which I am to pay you the compliment."

"Aye, laugh at me now, for a fool in both," cried the Prince, starting from his seat; "and the next time you hear me talk in my sleep, give me a prick in my side, and let out the jaundiced blood!"

George re-entered, with another letter from his brother, which he had taken from a courier's hand while out. "Here, my friends," cried he, "is the plan of our campaign; and it will be well to harness to our duties on the instant. Christian writes to me, that though our native territories are beleagued, as he before described them, yet if we come in time enough to support Frederick in Bohemia, whose generals have already made two or three blunders, and keep the Austrians in sufficient play in that quarter, he hopes, by the assistance of King James, who has promised aid for the Rhine, not only to maintain his own guard, but to

make some impression towards the recovery of the Palatinate."

A postscript to the letter announced, that Bernhard de Saxe had just passed through Celle in his way to the Netherlands; and he told the Duke, that Ferdinand had entirely cajoled the Elector of Saxony to his side, by promising, if he would aid him in chastising the rebels of the empire, to give him the hand of the beautiful Eleanor of Darmstadt; with the long-contested territory of Juliers for her dowry, and as much of Lower Saxony, that is, the Brunswick principalities, as his good sword could lay at the feet of his young bride.

One part in this information, George did not feel inclined to name to his friends; he could not, perhaps, tell exactly why, but he felt he should be confused. And, in spite of himself, the image of Eleanor of Darmstadt would cross his thoughts through the remainder of the discussion; when the objects in

debate were how to best ensure the protection of his cousin Elizabeth, and the establishment of her husband, with his cause.

"I only saw her for a few hours," said he to himself, when he retired for the night, "but in those few hours, how much was comprised, to fix her in my remembrance. Her beauty, even thine, Elizabeth, could not transcend! — Thou, lofty and commanding, with all thy tender graces, seemed at times sufficient for thyself. But she, like the sweet jessamine, looked as if she must perish, should the arms she clung to, be withdrawn. Yet that dependence did not appear a selfish weakness, but from strength of relying tenderness. With what filial observance did she hover over her mother; with what vivacity of affection did she fly to her father, and express her gratitude to his preserver! — With what ardour of compassion did she leave the sides of both her parents, and her shelter from the pierc-

ing cold of the mountain air, when the carriage which contained the three rescued officers of the regency was overturned by the jutting of an abrupt rock, and Fabritius laying groaning, with the augmented anguish of his fractured arm!"—George himself had knelt by her, while her slender fingers rebound up the wound, with a tenderness which only woman's hands could accomplish. He remembered well the soft soothing of her voice, as she attempted to cheer the unhappy sufferer. He remembered the dewy eyes which looked again and again towards himself, with that expression of angelic goodness, which asked for the assistance in her work of consolation it seemed confident he would bestow. When the poor man was sufficiently restored to be replaced in his vehicle with any comfort, George then led her back to her parent's carriage. During their walk thither, her eye had glanced on the fillet round his wounded hand; and she

instantly remarked, with all the frank ingenuousness of a heart that knows no cause for disguise. "Prince," said she, "that wound is to be envied. But for poor Fabritius! he suffers doubly, who suffers for real or imputed crimes. And, alas, of those lords I have heard too much."

"But you pity them?" returned George.

"Yes, in their affliction. But before this night, I never saw them, without shrinking within myself; cruelty being the only thing I never could excuse."

"Yet you have more than excused these!"

"I gave assistance to them, when it was needed," returned she, "but I gave no more."

"Then, what must be the gift, when you really mean it to be the kindest you can bestow!" George said this in a low voice, hardly aware of having uttered what he thought; but she seeing nothing

particular in it, ingenuously answered — "Oh! very different from this!" and the sentence was closed with a fluttering sigh, that seemed to fan the heart of her companion with its little wings. George smiled then at the strange sensation in his bosom, for no pang visits the breast of new-born love, and being almost at the carriage, he hastily replied, "Then for whom does the Princess of Darmstadt breathe that sign of tenderest pity?"

"My dear mother," she answered, "my heart's best treasure, Prince! — And your protection to her and to my father, this night, will cause me to remember the name of Luneburg in my prayers; — and does not God repay the merciful!"

While reseating her by them, he replied he knew not what; for it was in an agitation of pleasure, that made him feel the touch of her hand on his for many minutes after the carriage moved on.

When, afterwards, he recalled this scene to his recollection; and dwelt upon the sweet expression of those eyes, of that voice, in the subsequent hour of sun-rise, when he took leave of her parents on resigning them wholly to his escort, he felt more attracted to her, than he had ever found himself towards any woman. All in his breast then, were the delighted emotions of that attraction; and could he have read Eleanor's heart, perhaps he might have seen what would have answered his; — a new-born pleasure in his presence, that made itself be felt. But at the time he turned his horse from the carriage, he said inwardly — "Sweet Princess, I shall seek thee again." He repeated the same, when he stopped on the brow of the hill, to take a last look of the vehicle, as it wound down the declivity from his sight; and he said it again and again, in his way back to Thurn, and the confusions of Prague: nay, it had even accompanied

him in his journey to the East. But when he rejoined Mansfeldt there, and plunged with him into all the interests of the countries they visited, then the image of Eleanor seemed gradually to fade in his mind; till, when it did happen to re-appear, it was as a thin shadow of a shade; and he smiled at himself, at the serious thoughts, half a dozen hours in her presence, had once made him entertain there.

But on reading that postscript from his brother, the whole vision seemed renewed before him. He saw her as fresh in his mind's eye, as the first moment in her father's palace, when she, kneeling, bathed his hand with her grateful tears; he heard again her voice in the mountain defile, he felt her eyebeams on his heart.

"Oh, Eleanor!" exclaimed he, "if I could but think you felt then, what my vanity almost whispered me at the time,

Saxony should have a struggle for his bride."

Then turning on his pillow, for part of these thoughts were in his bed, he fell asleep. The heart was touched, not stricken; and gentle were the sighs which had fanned remembrance into so lambent a flame, that when he awoke in the morning, he smiled at the coil his thoughts had made of it the night before.

CHAP. V.

Ferdinand, now Emperor, sat on his new throne, breathing revenge against all who, even in his suspicion alone, had appeared to traverse his approach to it; and he had two generals in the Counts de Tilly and Bucquoy, equal to any enterprises, where promptitude and an unsparing disregard of human life, might be deemed indispensable means in those he meditated.

Hence, when Mansfeldt and his two young coadjutors arrived with his veteran little army on the borders of Bohemia, he met the flying peasantry, who told a direful tale of the scenes they left behind them. The Austrian generals had overthrown all the opposition Frederick had sent to the southern frontier; and the whole of the fortified towns in

that quarter, fell into their possession in consequence, excepting Budweitz, which yet resisted. Tilly's manner of taking Piseck, intimidated the rest to open their gates. He had summoned the place to surrender; but even while the council of the governor was in discussion with his messenger, the Walloons and Croats scaled the ramparts; the garrison were put to the sword, the town plundered, and the defenceless inhabitants massacred. The fury of the imperialists spared neither sex nor age; for Ferdinand's spirit seemed in every arm; nor did the merciless scene close, till the cold-blooded Tilly pronounced that "the example might be sufficient!"

Mansfeldt could hardly hear his informants to the end.—"If ye are men," returned he, "stand by your country! This flight is the seal of its destruction. Invasion never yet conquered a people, till they had deserted themselves. Christian of Wolfenbuttel will raise the stan-

dard of Bohemia on our right flank, and let all ye who have hearts, rally round it."

The word was electric. And by the time Mansfeldt, and his array, arrived within sight of the enemy before Budweitz, several thousands of the fugitive citizens and people, from their houseless wanderings, joined the friends of their country. The commander whom Tilly had left in the siege was Dampierre; who, though surprised at the sudden appearance of this army, too well understood the science of his master to be taken at an unawares; and when he saw, by his glass, that part of his adversary's force, which in their motley apparel followed the standard of Wolfenbuttel, he turned to his staff, and said —"Now, we shall have the glory of beating the invincible Mansfeldt. Half his army appear gathered from the refuse of the country!"

But Christian of Wolfenbuttel was now

a perfect master in war, in the organization to serviceable duty of the wildest or the rudest materials. His soul, when in the discipline of a camp, was all circumspection and foresight. And his temper in the field, (which, otherwise, in common cases, was ever ready to blaze out into passion, and not always most reasonably,) became at once absorbed in the flame of his duty. No stupidity in the men, no traversing of circumstances, could turn him a hair from his point, by exciting a ruffle on his mind. Hence the clearness, the determination, the patience with which he gave his directions; conducting all by one undeviating aim to his object, accomplished more in a few days, than almost any other man, by the usual methods, might have effected in as many months. Therefore, by the time Mansfeldt and Prince George drew up their battalia before the Austrian general, Wolfenbuttel's followers were well prepared to avenge their country.

The contest was proportionably severe; and the plain before the city, long afterwards when the plough passed over it, turned up the dumb witnesses of that sanguinary fight. Dampierre, expecting the victory, had proclaimed no quarter; but himself being desperately wounded, at the close of a conflict likely to terminate very differently from his boast, he ordered his reserve to advance, so as to command a good retreat. That accomplished, he hoped the garrisons of Tabor and Pilsen, formidable places now in the Austrian possession, might soon avenge his discomfiture.

But Mansfeldt was not one to sleep on his arms, after having once drawn the sword. Having relieved Budweitz, and the report of that achievement yet farther swelling his ranks, he pursued after Dampierre, and having surprised his flying camp within a league of Pilsen, took the general prisoner. He then sat down before that place, determining to

make every exertion towards the rescue of that stronghold of the kingdom; and meanwhile, detached George and Wolfenbuttel, at the head of two chosen bands, to form each a separate nucleus for the rallying people; and they, in the execution of one duty, performed another, successively relieving the whole of the country east and west of the Muldau, from the depredations of the adjacent Austrian garrisons.

Mansfeldt's intentions, after he and his friends should possess themselves of Pilsen, which contained arms and ammunition in abundance, was to throw himself between Prague and the approach of Tilly; who had returned to Bavaria to augment his forces, with a design to overwhelm the Bohemian capital itself. Mansfeldt, along with letters fromGeorge to the Queen, sent a messenger forward to the King with this plan; but the courier being taken by the enemy, Frederick knew nothing of what his

friends were doing, but by report. His generals, to whom Mansfeldt had also addressed himself in the last packet with a gallant recognition of their valour as brothers in arms, became envious of the interference of the united princes, when thus prefaced by success; and were not backward in exciting some resentment in Frederick's mind, at the apparent disrespect of not having apprised him of their entrance into his kingdom. These brave men, but evil councillors, on self crossing their loyalty, were not less inimical amongst themselves, when subjects of mutual jealousies arose; but now they coalesced against their new rivals, and urged the King to prepare for the field himself. He assented, as became the sovereign of the country; but his tenderness for his young Queen, still in delicate health, had exaggerated itself to such a degree of morbid sensibility, that he became quite unmanned when any idea of danger to her presented it-

self; and now, even on the most distant intimation of the possibility of the capital being menaced, he determined that she should leave it for the security of a remote, and therefore unsuspected fortress, far in the depths of a wild country near the source of the Elbe.

In vain Elizabeth conjured her husband to believe that her safest place was by his side. He told her at once, that her being in the place of danger would paralize his mind with dread for her, and not unlikely, in a case of extremity, induce him to offer terms that might disgrace him. The tears he shed, when he confessed this, convinced her it was too true. She looked on him with gratitude, but a desperate remembrance yearned at her heart.

"Oh, Frederick!" cried she, "what is this you feel? Woman as I am, were your safety menaced, and I near, I believe my Henry's brave soul would be in this weak arm for you!"

"Elizabeth," cried he, "do not despise the infirmity of my love! Go from me into safety, and you shall hear, whether or no I deserve to have been wedded to the sister of your brave Henry."

"My Henry! Frederick!" answered she, with a flushed cheek at the offended manner with which he had echoed his name. "Had he not been your's also, this discussion could never have taken place between us."

She rose from her chair. Frederick threw his arms around her. "Have pity on me," cried he. "Do not pierce the heart that only loves you too well— a love that draws this contempt upon me. I could easier die than bear that look again. Yet think, Elizabeth, of the vengeful cruelties with which the emissaries of Ferdinand would delight to rack my soul, could they perpetrate his vengeance denounced against me, upon this, my dearer self!—Oh, fly from such a hazard, if you have compassion for your

husband — if you have reverence for yourself! And then, I repeat, you shall know, whether I do not love and honour your brother sufficiently to emulate his spirit, even till, perhaps, your next tidings may be, that I am as he is."

"Frederick," returned she, with an affectionate smile beaming through the tears that now bathed her own cheek, "may not that last argument go near to undo the rest? But forgive me the terms of my opposition. My heart could mean no unkindness; and in proof, I yield, though not yet convinced."

Not to alarm the citizens for their families, by any appearance of apprehension in the King, it was arranged, that Elizabeth should be attended by the Lady Percy de Vere and her daughter only — that no suspicions of the royal fugitive might be excited by a larger suite; and still to disguise the affair more, the young damsel was to be habited in the character of the old lady's son,

and the Queen assume that of his sister. Their departure, in the town was understood to be a visit of the Lady de Vere to another son in Mansfeldt's army; and the temporary absence of the Queen from the eye of the court, it was thought, might be sufficiently accounted for, by her regret for the departure of these ladies, so well known to be the objects of her warm attachment.

The night was fair and moonlight, when the little squadron which escorted this solitary carriage entered the defiles of Erlwitz, in its way to the mountain fortress; but there falling in with an outpost of the Brunswick Bohemians, (for so the native troops under the command of the two Princes called themselves), the officer of the royal escort being in some doubt whether he were answering friends or foes, gave so confused an account of himself and charge, that the commander of the post feeling himself unsatisfied, declared he must send him to

head-quarters. The Rhinelander, in dismay for his own honour, and perhaps the certain discovery of the rank of his charge, began to remonstrate with much anger, when Elizabeth, hearing the altercation, and fearful of its consequences, asked Isabel, in a low voice, whether she felt courage enough to grace her apparel, and stop the debate, by saying it was the Lady de Vere's pleasure to attend the officer of the post to his commander.

Isabel, though in some trepidation, instantly told one of the squadron to open the carriage-door; and mounting his horse, in half a minute was by the sides of the disputants, repeating the message she brought; but with the addition of a question of her own, put indeed by accident, "Who is the commanding officer of your detachment?"

The captain answered, "Christian of Brunswick; — who will be glad as myself to congratulate your ladies on having a

wiser page than an escort. So, my trusty comrade, follow me."

The Prague squadron wheeled into line between those of the Brunswick Bohemians; and Isabel, returning to the Queen, to her amazement proclaimed the name of the Prince to whom she was going to appeal for safety.

"Impossible!" cried Elizabeth. "It must be George, his brother. He, we know, has shared with Mansfeldt the glory of recovering part of our country; and, doubtless, he it is that now commands here." She said no more; but the Lady de Vere well guessed the thoughts which possessed the retentive heart of her royal pupil, while proceeding now, to a meeting, the prospect of which would at any time have agitated her.

When the troop and its guarded cavalcade entered the precincts of the Bohemian camp, unconscious, indeed, that it received its Queen in that suspected car-

riage, Elizabeth felt her heart pause within her. But on the carriage drawing up, she again spoke to Isabel, and commanded her to enquire for the Prince of Luneburg.

"Aye!" replied the officer of the guard, "Luneburg, or Lowenherz! It is all one here. Pass on, and you will meet the brave presence."

The captain who had brought in the party, gave his arm to the maternal Lady de Vere; and Isabel, under the character of her brother Joselyne, was left to support the trembling steps of Elizabeth, who drew a veil close over her face. At that moment, she felt no longer Queen of Bohemia — she was Elizabeth of England, going to meet one who, when she last saw him, had pledged himself to see her next by the side of her brother, returning in honour to his country! He was also the brother of Christian of Luneburg; and what recollections hung over that name! But she was the wife of

Frederick; and in that title she nerved herself.

At the entrance of the interior tent, she heard the officer who conducted her preceptress, say to her, "Madam, there is the Prince of Brunswick;" and in the same moment the Prince rose to meet his guests. For the captain had sent forward a courier with an account of the adventure. Isabel, ignorant of the Queen's having any private reason for her excessive agitation, thought that the sooner she was relieved from the suspense of detention, the better; and by a gentle step or two brought her close to the preceding pair.

"Lady, who ever you may be, and whence ever you may come," said the Prince, to her conductress, "you are safe here; and whithersoever you may wish to go, you shall have suitable convoy."

"Where are we?" exclaimed Elizabeth, forgetting all caution in her utter

disappointment. "This is not the Prince of Brunswick!"— Her thoughts then taking note of none but George.

The tone instantly attracted the attention of Wolfenbuttel, and he turned to the speaker. She was wrapped in a dark pelisse, the nights being then chilly; and the veil, which covered her furred cap, being now thrown back, displayed the whole of her beautiful face, in all the paleness of the apprehensive disappointment which had struck to her heart.

The venerable daughter of Percy no sooner observed the start, and fixed gaze of their military host, than she hurryingly presented the Queen, as her daughter Isabel de Vere.

"Then," returned he, "whoever the happy Prince of Brunswick may be, who that lady expected to see in me, I can hardly regret his absence, when avowing myself one of his blood, ready as any of the name, to do her and her noble mother service."

"And that is spoken by Christian the *Lowenherz!*" repeated the veteran, on whom the elder lady leaned.

"That title ought to belong to the noblest of princes!" ejaculated she, turning her eye with anxiety on the Queen, and lost in wonder at the evident ignorance of each other's persons, between the pretender to that name and her assumed daughter. Elizabeth, believing herself betrayed, and in the hands of imposition, now rallied herself, and with a flush of conscious dignity displacing the before pale livery of female apprehension, — "Sir," said she, "I have some knowledge of two princes of your title: that Prince Christian, who all the world reveres; and George, who has so lately made this land bless the name of Brunswick. But they have brothers!" and with the implied question, she fixed her eyes on him, in a manner that seemed to say, "Utter the truth, for I cannot be deceived."

"Not their brother in direct paren-

tage," replied he; "but Christian of Wolfenbuttel, has a name, fair lady, east of yon mountains, which Christian of Luneburg has not disdained to seal with his own brave cognizance of *Lowenherz*; and hence, if my lesser name be hereafter to be lost in his blaze, — so be it. To deserve the glory is enough for me."

Elizabeth started at these last words, and gazing a moment on the speaker, looked to the ground. They contained the principle which hitherto had held the talisman of her life. "And I shall die under its influence over me," said she mentally, and in bitter anguish. "It betrayed my heart to Christian of Luneburg — it fastened my friendship on his brother — it laid my Henry in the tomb — and now it touches me like an awful knell, to say, that if Frederick quails before his destiny, I too wither to a timeless grave!"

Wolfenbuttel was perusing the fluctuating beauties of her countenance, while these thoughts, or rather emotions,

passed through her mind; and soon after, in a maze of wonder, at such ineffable majesty in one so young and maiden-like, retired to give orders for the whole party's honourable attendance.

In withdrawing, he requested the company of the youth, her brother; for so Isabel had been notified to him by the officer. She looked at her mother, and the Queen; and the former gave her a glance, that declared compliance to be inevitable. The anxious matron wishing to preserve all the present appearances, until left alone with her royal charge, they might consult how to act.

Elizabeth, during their short conference, decided, that when necessity did not command otherwise, implicit obedience to the injunctions of her husband ought to be the line of her conduct; hence, still under their assumed characters, she would demand of the Prince of Wolfenbuttel his offered safe-conduct to their place of destination. Fatigue and

alarm certainly inclined her to halt the remainder of that night for rest; but she adjured the Lady Percy, to whom, in the character of her mother, every thing must in appearance be referred, to insist on their resuming their journey by the morrow's sun-rise.

Christian, on leaving the room, had intimated a wish to detain them his guests, until Prince George should rejoin him; who, he observed, was only gone a few days march into Moravia, to bring out a new accession of volunteers. But Elizabeth had suffered too much overpowering emotion in her recent expectation of seeing him, not now to desire, while divided from her husband, to avoid it altogether.

Meanwhile Prince Christian, after having given his directions for every attention to his guests, took the young Percy de Vere, as he supposed his companion to be, down the line of the camp; imagining, that, like all other youth of his

birth and age, he would be interested in the spectacle; and in their walk, as he naturally questioned him on the situation of the Bohemian capital with regard to its means of defence, should it indeed be seriously menaced. But Isabel's answers were so embarrassed, and generally so wide of the mark, that Christian often could not forbear a smile, and at last abruptly said — "How has it happened, my fine boy, you do not seem ever to have thought of any of these subjects? It is not like a descendant of the Percy."

Isabel blushed, and the light of the moon was so bright, her companion saw it. Not knowing what to answer, she confusedly said — "I really cannot tell, — but I would rather return, and wait on my sister."

Wolfenbuttel burst out a laughing. — "I commend your taste!" replied he; "but such kind of cavaliers are not the most useful to ladies like her, at these junctures; else I might not have had the

pleasure of seeing her here, till some of her garde de corps had broken one or two of my fellows' heads."

"Very likely," responded Isabel; now thinking the less she attempted to say, the safer she was from committing the party within.

"Simpleton!" muttered Christian to himself; but not so low that she did not hear him. Isabel smiled in her turn, but turning away her face, it was not perceived.

Setting down his young companion to be little better than a fool, he now said nothing more to him, till, proposing to return to his guests, he carelessly asked in the whim of the moment, "What he did, when he waited on his sister?"

Isabel did not answer immediately; but on the Prince repeating the question, she replied, with more of vivacity than she intended—"As your highness would probably do — obey her commands."

"Indeed, my pretty youth!" thought her interrogator, "you are not quite so simple as I supposed!" And then he said aloud, "You seem to be a better judge here, than on our former topics; therefore you will doubtless tell me there are no ladies in Elizabeth's court so beautiful as your sister: for surely the noted Queen herself, cannot surpass that face!"

"Oh, yes;" replied Isabel, "and many more besides."

"And who are they?" demanded Christian.

"I cannot say," answered the other, now feeling a little amusement in her pretended folly; "for all the celebrated beauties are married ladies, and I never look at them."

"Hence, I must conclude," returned the Prince, "you never looked at the Queen; so can be no more a judge between her beauty and your sister's, than between the merits of a sword and

scimitar, — the use of which you never saw!"

"Very likely," was the vacant answer.

Christian now sincerely believed his companion a hopeless idiot; though he marvelled to find it so in one of that graceful form, and with such elegance of movements as the boy evidently possessed. The contour of his features too, shewed a symmetry and intelligence, which had announced a very different half hour's converse from what the Prince found; and during the remainder of the way he walked in silence to the pavilion. He there parted with his charge, requesting him to carry his respects to the Lady Percy de Vere and her daughter, and to say, that if they would permit him, he would have the honour of joining them at supper.

On Isabel repeating to Elizabeth the ridiculous dialogue between her and the Prince, sad as the latter felt in finding

herself thus a fugitive in her own kingdom, she could not forbear smiling; and indeed approved of the only sure expedient, perhaps her friend could have seized, to have prevented a chance of discovery by any discordance in their different answers.

Meanwhile, to ensure a readier accordance with their declared intention to depart on the morrow, Christian received a due assent to his message. And when he joined his guests to conduct them to the supper-table, he lost all recollection that the rare species of delight in which he was then going to banquet, was to cease in a few hours. The very enjoyment of contemplating such exquisite beauty, of listening to such enchanting discourse as dropped from the lips of this Isabel de Vere, created the intoxication that caused the forgetfulness it was to cease.

Finding herself indeed secure amidst the hospitable tents of a Prince of her

own kindred; and one whom she now understood was the Christian of Brunswick, who had achieved so greatly for Christendom in companionship with George in the East, (for rumour had indeed strangely confused the identity of the two Princes of the same name; often making the Duke of Luneburg appear little less than a magician, to be heard of one day enacting laws in his palace at Celle, and not a week after a conqueror on the banks of the Danube!) Elizabeth yielded herself to the confidence of the hour, though not reposing her's in him. She laid aside the reserve of her sadness; and her conversation on the momentous subjects of the times, in which she was herself indeed so deeply interested, shone out in all the noble intelligence, the brightness of faculty, and persuasive eloquence, which had made her the attraction of her husband's court, as she was the worshipped idol of his heart. Christian listened, gazed; and

every moment was more and more astonished, while, in the animation of her remarks on the state of Prague, and the possible approach of the Austrian army, she allowed some observations to escape her, respecting the probable interference of the Palatine generals with the plans of the Brunswick Princes, should their zeal for the true cause carry them to defend it before Frederick's throne.

Several times during the evening, he observed the young Percy smile, and whisper his mother; and the old lady, shaking her head, in a half whisper bade him be quiet, and not interrupt his sister. Wolfenbuttel marvelled a little too, at the sort of deference which this lady of high English rank, and evidently a woman of a great mind, paid to her daughter; and trying to explain it to himself, he could not but suppose the beautiful Isabel was the confidant of the Queen; and so possessing a kind of reflected superiority, it was given to her even by a

parent of the highest qualities; while her brother, on whom such military foresight had certainly been more properly bestowed, might well bend to her as a page in mind, rather than as the equal of her blood. Such an advocate in any cause, Wolfenbuttel thought, might charm even an angel from its orb; for there was a character of persuasion in her discourse, which perhaps none can understand by description. A pathos, and an earnest solicitude, not only for the success of the cause, but for those who fought in it, which seemed at times to absorb all the masculine energy of her enthusiasm, in the tender interests of her heart. Christian marked all this in her language, but more in the tones of her voice; while the soul in her eyes, the breathing spirit on her cheek and lips, and the graceful action of her clasping hands over her heaving bosom, in the earnestness of her discourse, as if all were united to urge him to the defence

of Prague, made him feel, that so conjured, he would even singly dare any danger to which she could point him.

"Noble daughter of Percy," said he, as he bade her adieu for the night, "your wishes shall in all things be obeyed here. To-morrow conducts you to the Berg fortress; and when you next hear of Luneburg and Wolfenbuttel, it will be on their march towards the white mountain."

Elizabeth smiled, and with such a smile, that as she gave him her hand in sign of royal thanks, forgetting she was not there the Queen — he indeed knelt to kiss it. But it was another homage than that of a soldier's loyalty, that bent his knee. And when she and her supposed mother and brother had retired into the apartments provided for them, he cast himself into a chair, astonished altogether at what had passed — at what he felt.

"What," cried he, striking his breast,

"what is all this here? — Am I too, to feel the stroke of beauty? — And in the meeting of an hour, in the midst of my own camp! — Who laughed at all the bright eyes of the East, with whom I passed days and weeks in the courts of its Greek princes? — Tush! It is nonsense — or shall be as such; unless that fair creature could be brought to love me, as I might adore her! — To be loved, nay worshipped, by the electing mind and the heart, not the object of a passionate caprice! — that is the hidden yearning of my soul!" cried he, "and without such devotion, no woman shall claim a second sigh from me."

That Christian was the object of much female rivalry in the East, he had been made to know; but he knew it without seeming either to hear or see it; for, though beautiful as the Hourii, the eyes that gazed on him, shone from souls as little cultivated as the merest infancy; and to have given one wish to their

blandishments, he felt, would have degraded him. His heart was ambitious in every thing. He must win fame, to its brightest star; he must buckle his friend to his bosom with such "hooks of steel," that no other hand could pass between, to strike a link; and for the mistress of his soul! — she must make him the lord of her's; he must reign alike in her judgment, and her affections. And, to give value to all, her mind must in every way be so nobly endowed, as to render such reign worthy of his empire. Such a mind the Lady Isabel had laid open before him, and such a heart too. Could it be likely, that hereafter she might reward his determined successive acts of obedience to her wishes — by the devotion of both to him? His soul was on fire at the thought. But it must be owned, it was the fire of conquest. A prize which, if he could once win, he would himself kneel down and worship, after it had once acknowledged him her all in all.

The Chronicler remarks here, that "these romantic fancies were very apt to be nourished by the young warriors in those times. For living much alone in their camps, or castles, when not engaged in the adventures of warfare, with no entertainments, like those of men in cities, to amuse their minds, they betook them to meditation. And as nothing is so prone to get into young imaginations, as beauty and love; one being the fairest object in nature, and the other the last relic of paradise; they often fell into visionary passions; or when real, adored their mistresses with a devotedness, that left all the romances of former ages behind. Such love, indeed, ennobles the lover; its object being, in idea at least, worthy the soul of a hero; and he shapes his actions according to the standard of his love."

CHAP. VI.

In the morning, Christian of Wolfenbuttel conducted his guests to the Berg fortress. At the foot of the height where the castle stood, he halted his men, and left them there, while himself ascended the winding path of the mountain by the side of the carriage, which followed the line of its own little escort. Before the outer gate of the old structure, he stopped to take his leave; and then the Lady Percy de Vere, in parting, requested him to allow one of his most confidential people to carry a ring, which she presented to him, into Prague. It would obtain him a private audience of the King; who would be glad so to assure her majesty, of her faithful servants having arrived in safety at their place of destination. When Christian took it

from the lady, with an engagement to duly perform her wish, he still lingered at the carriage window, as if for some further command. His eyes sought those of Elizabeth, with that enquiry; but there was also something more in them than she desired to see. She coloured with regret, rather than pleasure, at the sort of admiration she now feared she had excited in this brave Prince; and turned confused, because distressed, towards the real Isabel — "Joselyne," said she, "have you no wishes, for our noble host?"

"None," answered the seeming boy, "unless he could make me a soldier!"

"Hah," returned Christian, surprised more at the manner even, than the words; and grasping at any bond with her, whose beautiful cheek his conscious eyes had so glowingly painted; "If your sister will give you to me, I promise to bring you back with golden spurs!"

Joselyne laughed, and reddened;

"No, no, — I should more likely find myself a pair of iron ones! This place will hold a duty, brave enough for me, in keeping guard here."

Wolfenbuttel smiled in return, as did Elizabeth; and not knowing what to think of the boy, he replied — "A duty, the bravest might envy; and yet, methinks, my young Percy would have me misdeem his courage!"

"To that, I may answer in my first field! and till then, brave Lowenherz, take the homage of Joselyne Percy." The speech, which was begun in sport, ended in an agitated smile; while the speaker bowed his head, with a hand so fair and delicate pressed to his breast, that Christian no longer wondered that its owner had never wielded a sword. The soft white fingers, tinged with a pink like the opening rose-bud, seemed of so tender a texture, that the grasp of its hilt would dislocate their slender joints.

"I accept your challenge!" was, how-

ever, his reply; "and meanwhile let us exchange gauntlets?" In speaking, he put his own buff glove into the hand of the youth, and took thence what he affected to believe the brother's; though he saw, from the situation of its fellow, to whom it really belonged. Elizabeth did not like to announce the mistake, as she had taken it off to give the Lady de Vere the very ring transferred to the Prince; and Christian being afraid, from the exchange of looks which passed amongst them, of being deprived of his treasure, almost instantly drew up the bridle of his horse; and the parting words were mutually uttered.

While curbing his eager animal, the carriage passed on; and in a second afterwards, disappeared under the porch. He listened awhile to its wheels, till the double gates closing, they could be heard no more; then striking his charger with the spur, descended the declivity with a speed, which at every moment gave them who

gazed on him from beneath, an apprehension that both must roll over the precipice together. But Christian was a horseman whom none excelled; and whether mounting or descending heights, he ever appeared as riding a steed of air,

CHAP. VII.

On the return of Prince George with his Moravian auxiliaries, he listened with surprise to the rapturous account with which Wolfenbuttel greeted him; describing the daughter of the Lady Percy de Vere in terms of the most intoxicated admiration. That she who had been the companion of Elizabeth's infancy and youth, should seem to share her charms, was not the astonishment; but that Christian, who had ever appeared to contemn the sex, should speak so of any woman! Yet, on a moment's reflection, George remembered his own gay indifference towards them, until Elizabeth herself first taught him a soul's companionship with woman; and since then, his transient meeting with Eleanor of Darmstadt, had left a consciousness within him, that his

heart was ready, should she ever be near him again, to avow the same to her. But when Christian proceeded in his account of the half folly, and whole effeminacy of the youth of the party, George was indeed seriously surprised.

"The Percies," observed he, "have always been a singularly noble race, the daughters fair, the sons brave. Therefore I can easily understand your description of the lady in question; but not of the young Joselyne. One of the sons I have seen, Aubrey; who was a deserving favourite with his lamented Prince. He, I believe, is in Denmark; rallying there, for our royal cousin here."

Wolfenbuttel's rejoinder, was a declaration, that Isabel de Vere's manner was so royal in itself, that if Elizabeth of Bohemia possessed her eloquence of speech and eye, he thought she might command the world. He did not sigh, when he uttered this; for it was not his nature to sigh; but his cheek flushed,

and he left the tent of his friend, to prepare in his own for his first step towards the defence of Prague; — their junction with Mansfeldt before the stronghold of Pilsen.

A great man has said, that "promptitude is the harbinger of success!" and the three friends manifested the axiom. Pilsen commanded the approach to the Bohemian capital on the side of Austria, and according to its consequence, it was defended by the Imperial military governor; but according to its consequence it was also assaulted by Mansfeldt and his compeers; and its surrender may be said to have saved the crown of Bohemia that time. Constant dispatches were sent, during the progress of the siege, to Frederick by Mansfeldt; while the two Princes of Brunswick marched southward, to impede the Imperial troops in their attempted approach to its relief; and three days before it fell, those young generals had the glory of beating Tilly,

near the borders of the two countries. The defeat was so signal, the veteran commander retired from the field breathing maledictions against the new mode of warfare those young men had brought from the East; one of such surprises, harassings, and rapidity of expedients, day and night, that the old German officers, used to formal pitched battles alone, were amazed to find their whole force shattered into ruin, by a succession of small attacks, in the several woods, defiles, and other tracts favourable to such enterprize, through which they were obliged to march; and when the remnant did come to a plain, opening from these Tartar-like ravines, and met face to face the high-spirited array of Brunswick, full of youth, ardour, and success, their encounter was like the grasp of two determined wrestlers. The young and active, however, threw the more mature and heavily-knit veteran; already, indeed, half overcome by previous losses and

fatigue. But after the battle, Tilly drew off his brave remains, with his usual talent, and then proceeded post to Vienna, breathing nothing but revenge; and a short time shewed he had determined it should first be wreaked upon the native country of his vanquishers.

Pilsen, and most of its dependent chain of forts, were now in the hands of Mansfeldt; and the two Princes were proceeding to the subjection of the rest, when George received advices from Duke Christian, to come in all expedition to assist in the defence of his own futnre dominions. Saxony had been wrought upon to permit a free passage to the Austrian attack through his territory, and another army was approaching from the occupation on the Rhine, to the invasion of Brunswick on the side of Westphalia. Christian added, that he meant to hold his own guard on the latter quarter; while his other brothers would keep the ground along the frontiers, where

Saxony clasped in his territory like a ready sickle. George, he intended, should lead the army of repulsion into the country of the invaders; so as to save his own as much as possible from the horrors which ever attend the actual field of warfare.

"Then," continued the Duke, "should Heaven bless our arms, we may yet make a stroke for the electorate, although King James has again broken his word. He now alleges, that to draw a sword for his son-in-law, '*while he holds a usurped sceptre*,' would be to set an evil example; and hence he has ordered all his young men home from Denmark, who were there preparing to accompany its King to the recovery of the electorate."

Ferdinand's intrigues and well-timed flattery had produced this change in the versatile monarch, having, in the way of the latter, sent to his pedantic majesty, all his own literary works, bound in beaten

gold, and jewelled like so many holy missals from the Vatican.

"Alas, for future times!" concluded the Duke. "Prince Charles, so naturally just in the dispositions of his heart, has suffered his youthful judgment to be misled; and now regards Frederick's cause in the same light with his father. So, indeed, does the spirit of the Bruce and the Plantagenet seem buried in his brother's grave."

Christian of Wolfenbuttel listened to these accounts, with that flashing attention which always portended some gallant resolution. When they were closed, he instantly exclaimed, "I will go with you, George! and though that crowned goose of the capitol have sold his trust for a measure of gilded corn, God willing, we will yet shew him, that none of his cousins of the blood of Denmark need a man of his to free our German lands from the tread of real usurpation. Would I had *the fause loon*, as his own

brave Scots would call him, where you saw the traitor Khan on the other side of the Danube!"

"Why, my brave comrade!" cried Mansfeldt, with a grave smile, "you would not sully the grey hairs of a Christian monarch, by trampling them in the dust?"

"Heaven forbid," returned the Prince, "I should sully my own foot, by trampling in the dust the hoary head of any man! I did not harm a hair in the beard of the old Tartar recreant; but I made him confess his treason on his knees, and acknowledge he owed his life alone to the laws he had outraged. But for this King James! that he is a Christian monarch, and above all, father of the young Queen whose husband and posterity he would abandon to ruin—and all for a word of flattery from their mortal enemy! I know not where I could find an argument, for not digging his grave with my sword's point; and so rescuing the noble dust of

the son ye all so mourn, from mingling with the clay of such a father."

"I own the temptation would be great," returned George, "and should be half inclined to lend you a helping hand. But as our friend Shakespeare saith, 'If we treat all men according to their deserts, who will escape whipping?'"

So far, with regard to the measure of personal enmity against the royal deserter. With relation to the desertion itself, and its consequences, there could be but one opinion with the three colleagues; and Mansfeldt proposed, that Prince George should immediately proceed with information of their decision, to the young King at Prague.

His mission was soon executed. And he returned with Frederick's earnest wish, that as Bohemia was now rendered so secure by the late successes, and the present diversion of the Imperial arms to the north of Germany, Mansfeldt him-

self would accompany the Brunswick Princes to the rescue of the Palatinate. The kingdom, meanwhile, would be sufficiently protected from any molestation from the few Austrian garrisons yet left in it, by Frederick's own generals; the chief of whom were the Prince of Anhalt, and the Count of Hohenloe, and both of whom were alike ambitious to have the country again left to their hands. Thurn, they had contrived, almost from the accession of their royal master, should be kept from court, by being created governor of Moravia.

To this arrangement, Mansfeldt readily assented. Rescuing the fold from the wolf, being, perhaps, more to his taste, than leaning like a secure shepherd on his crook, watching the quiet browsing of his flock.

Christian, with more anxiety than he chose to confess to himself, enquired of George, if the Lady Isabel were returned to her royal mistress—and what was her

reply to his vow of obedience, "to maintain the rights of the King of Bohemia every where!"

"None!" replied the Prince. "For she is not returned; neither did I see my royal cousin. Frederick, who guards her with a watchfulness worthy of his treasure, fearing, from old memories, to trust her at present with the sight of her brother's friend."

"Well, then," exclaimed Wolfenbuttel, "I must do my best to carry my proofs of fealty to her feet myself; and then, George, if thou likest, we may have a tilt in court, whose beauty should bestow the garland; her's, or your vaunted Princess of England!" A frown passed over his brow, while with something of asperity, he added, "But had I not seen this matchless Isabel, I should yet have had my doubts of this vaunted cousin's charms. In short, I suspect every thing that is vaunted, and therefore detest

them." He bit his lip, and rose as he spoke.

George, who now knew the "besetting sin" of his brave kinsman's temper, too well not to trace this emotion, rather to the brother's name, than to the beauty of the sister, replied with a smile, though his heart was grieved; "On that principle, cousin of Brunswick, yourself is in a fair way of being suspected—and, therefore, detested, by this peerless Isabel!"

"I would try the odds, for the consequence!" returned the other, with a triumphant flash. "So on—for the Palatinate!"

Wolfenbuttel felt a renewed energy from the incipient passion in his breast, to achieve what he believed the wish of its fancied mistress; but the fact was, that his sword being once drawn for Frederick, and the freedom of Germany, neither woman's smiles nor frowns could in reality have materially influenced his un-

changing spirit, in the enterprize. And marshalling his hardy sons of the mountain and the wild, by the side of Mansfeldt's more veteran ranks, while George placed his brave followers on the opposite wing, the whole array passed, without sight of opposition, through Franconia.

George and Christian, indeed, hovered every where with their light troops on the hills, ready to descry hostility at any distance; and to meet it, as they had already done the legions of Tilly amongst the Bohemian defiles, with a sweeping arm of descent, almost as invisible till felt, as the pestilence rolling down in mists from the morasses of those mountain valleys. So far all seemed peace; but a decree of the Emperor met them in every mouth, on their crossing the Mayne into the Rhineland territory. He had proclaimed Prince George of Luneburg, and Prince Christian of Wolfenbuttel, traitors to the empire, and set a price upon the head of Mansfeldt.

The proclamation was ordered to be read at the door of every church throughout the empire, with the added denunciation, that whoever took part with such arch-heretics, must also be considered as condemned to everlasting perdition.

"Let them fight us but so," cried the Prince of Luneburg, "and they may pass as unharmed as they leave us!"

"Such is not the intention of this exorcism," returned Mansfeldt; "it is meant to embody a spirit in some of the deluded cities in our way, to stop our progress; and against delusion I always raise an unwilling sword."

"Then be it the heavier on their deluders!" cried Wolfenbuttel. "We are outlawed, so they must look to themselves; since yielding no law to us, we have none for them — but what we find written here — a legible writing from heaven — of which they have no knowledge."

That here was his heart — and proud, and rash, and often stern as he was, he

never failed to obey its generous dictates. But those who have read the regularly attested history of those times, will recollect with shuddering, the terrible contests which took place between these three true champions of religion, loyalty, and liberty; and the enemies of their just principles, laying waste, from one end to the other, the denounced Palatinate. These depredations were led on by the celebrated Spanish General Spinola, who distinguished his progress through the country with the most appalling devastations. Towns laid under contribution, villages sacked and burnt, and the Protestant churches levelled to the ground; but a general massacre was the usual revenge of his leaders of detachments, when retreating from any advantage of Mansfeldt's; and the utter waste of the land, wherever they anticipated his approach.

"Does Ferdinand call this empire!" exclaimed George. "Is this his desired

dominion? A desert — a murdered — or a famishing people all around!"

But an avenging sword in that of the Brunswick army, did indeed follow them. And Duke Christian, from the centre of his own dukedom, which he held in peace and safety, like a holy ark in the midst of a general conflagration, dispatched constant aids of money and ammunition to meet the exigencies of his intrepid kinsmen. Meanwhile, his brothers Augustus, Magnus, and the two younger, held Saxony at bay along those frontiers; and his own name, indeed, fought in the ranks of Luneburg on those of the Rhine. For many hundreds of the inhabitants, hearing that Christian of Brunswick commanded there, crowded to the Lowenherz standard; believing they were going to enlist for their country, under the personal leading as well as banner of the long famous hero of Christendom. But not a man of them

shrunk from his colours, when they found the present leaders were George, his lion-brother; and another Christian, one who sharing his name, also owned his blood, and emulated in every way the glory of his achievements.

Christian of Wolfenbuttel was the first to mount the walls of Heidelberg, in recovering that capital of the Rhine for its Elector. He was the first to throw himself into the appalling stream of a river, swollen to a torrent by a night's rain, and which threatened to impede his division in its march to the prompt relief of the town of Frankenthal. He resolutely forded across, and arrived at the concerted moment, to support the joint attack of Mansfeldt and the Prince of Luneburg. The siege was raised in consequence. Soon after, while detached into Westphalia, to intercept some rich convoys from the Spanish Netherlands on their march to its army in the Pala-

tinate, he not only made himself master of those treasures, but took the Catholic city of Padderborne by surprise. He commanded his soldiers to spare the people from plunder; but seizing the wealth of the numerous monasteries in lieu, gave it in largesse to his men; while coining the church plate to an amazing amount, he stamped it with the *lemma* — "a friend to God — an enemy to the priesthood."

"This will not do," observed Mansfeldt, when the first coffer with these vast booties was opened before him; "this motto would be a dangerous missive in the hands of our enemies. For, bethink thee, Wolfenbuttel, their's is not the only priesthood. Your own ministers bear the same title. And, at any rate, as God Himself in the first ages of the world, and our Saviour afterwards, instituted a priesthood; you cannot announce yourself thus in toto an enemy to all of that

name!' without also proclaiming yourself an enemy to the appointed service of God, and hence a rebel to Him."

" A tremendous consequence," returned the Prince, " if my enemies prove as quick at such mal-translation as my friends! But look to my first announcement — would not that rescue any man's piety from such double excommunication?"

" No," returned his veteran commander; " a *friend* to God, becomes no man to say of himself. His soldiers, his servants we are; but friends are equals. Therefore, though conscious yourself that all was right in the intention; yet it is not sufficient for a man, who acts in the eye of the world, to be really pious and upright; he must appear what he is — not leave it in the power of malice, or of ignorance, to overshadow his character from any ground of his own."

" Well!" cried Wolfenbuttel, smiling, and throwing the pieces of money back into the coffer; " there ye go, to get

another new face put on you. And never, while ye wore your old visage in mitres and crosiers, did ye hear a better homily than this!"

"Proved, in our convert," returned Mansfeldt, with the same gay frankness in his response. "So we now adjourn the chapter."

CHAP. VIII.

But the fate of the churches of Padderborne fought indeed for the cause of Ferdinand — raising a storm of anathema against the Protestant league, from one end of Catholic Germany to the other; and what no arguments of policy, perhaps, could have done, detestation of an act, many deemed sacrilege, effected at once. The Catholic towns and villages rose as it were en masse, to swell the armies marching to chastise these reported invaders of the sanctuary. And as Bohemia now seemed the most vulnerable point in their present dominions — not Tilly, nor Burquoy, but the wild rabble of Austria and Bavaria, poured like an irruption of savages into the country; sacrificing all they met with, in order to

extirpate what they denominated the impious sect of Luther.

During these proceedings, the King of Denmark arrived, with the flower of his nobility, eager to distinguish themselves in what might now be denominated the great school of arms for Europe; and entering the Lower Palatinate, in conjunction with the Brunswick Princes, a tremendous battle took place between them and Burquoy; who, in disputing the passage of a river, lost half his army, but retired with honour and its broken remains, to join his more veteran colleague higher up the country. Success, indeed, seemed crowning the Protestant advance every where towards the Rhine, when a private messenger arrived from Thurn, with very different accounts of Bohemia. Count Hohenloe, one of Frederick's most trusted generals, had already been discomfited by an army of plundering Bavarians, led on by Tzerclas, a nephew of the Count Tilly;

and Hohenloe, therefore, now proposing to stand chiefly on the defensive, the whole country around was virtually abandoned to the depredators. Budweitz, Thurn added, had already been shamefully surrendered to the same Bavarian leader; and a better disciplined force, under Dampierre, was making rapid strides to follow up the success. The patriotic count concluded his letter, with entreaties to Mansfeldt, to return and check these mischiefs. "You are the more needed, since I am now aware a jealous cabal exists against us in the camp of Prague. For," continued the count, "on my hearing of these things, and hastening from Moravia, to propose your recall to the King; before his majesty could answer, Anhalt abruptly replied — 'That general cannot be spared from the Palatinate. And even so, surely the King would not put such an insult on his present officers, as to summon any assistance from such a distance!' Come, however,

best friend of Bohemia! and with you, those two brave spirits, who have done so much towards setting her as *a queen amongst the nations.* If we leave her to men like these, we may soon find her crown in the dust!"

Bernhard de Saxe was the entrusted envoy who brought these dispatches. But he had an errand still more secret, and which, in its consequences, might be yet more important. The Elector of Saxony had taken umbrage at some unreasonable exactions of the Emperor; and wishing to break the chain with which he had fettered himself, he would not only open his barriers for the Protestant army to pass through his country unmolested, but he desired the three generals expected to be its commanders, to make their head-quarters one night at his castle of Hubertsberg, where he would privately meet them, and settle bonds of future amity. To corroborate the fact of this unexpected proposal, Bernhard

shewed to the Princes the Elector's letters to him on the subject, sealed with his signet; and as all present knew the hand-writing, they were fully satisfied that neither themselves nor the declared ambassador were imposed on.

"I could not possibly be deceived in this matter," rejoined he, "unless both eyes and ears had turned traitors; for even more than my proud, though vassalled kinsman has ventured to write here, he said to me; and when such a spirit meditates revenge, he usually takes the shortest way to reach it."

George entered from the forest, just as these dispatches had been read and examined; and when he heard of Saxony's proposed defection from his boasted imperial friend, he felt a tempting inclination to enquire what had become of his anticipated link by the hand of the Princess of Darmstadt; and, perhaps, of any other man than this, he would have asked it. But Bernhard de Saxe was in every

way so repugnant to "gentle thoughts," George shrunk from even whispering her name to so rough an ear. He, therefore, laid aside his hunting-spear, and prepared to listen.

Indeed, by a most extraordinary coincidence, when this "dark-browed traveller of the Hartz," this proud descendant of the fallen house of Saxony, arrived on his mission, he found the place of rendezvous chosen by these leagued Princes to consult on their own future plans, was the old fortress at the foot of the Brochen. Duke Christian, the centre of the whole, preferred so sequestered a spot to be the scene of his belligerent councils, rather than to bring such a train of armed personages and their followers into any town of his dominions, disturbing the tranquil homes of his people.

In the large antiquated hall of that fortress, whence Duke Christian had last issued with Mansfeldt alone, then a double mourner, and with a latent wish

never to return, he now sat, valuing the life that had been preserved to him; not indeed, from the sense of mere personal enjoyment, belonging to one who lives for himself, but because he knew himself to be the protector of thousands, and that on his deciding judgment often hung the peace of nations. Hence, he who had entered those ancient walls only a few years before, dark in sorrow, and gloomy with doubts of the issue of the cause for which, nevertheless, he almost hoped to shed his blood! — he now looked around him, with a countenance serene as the heavens without a cloud, while a placid sweetness, rather than a smile, dwelt on his lips and eyes. It proclaimed the tranquil happiness within — the happiness that holds itself not of *this world* — the happiness of an agent, from a higher sphere; who tastes the spring at its source, he is appointed to dispense in various streams to all around. Mansfeldt looked on his friend with reverence, as well as

love; and Duke Christian found in him, the same unshaken integrity and gallantry of soul, as when they parted.

George was bright in boyish youth, when he sprung from the heights above, like a young Izzard of the Pyrennees. He had now realised to Mansfeldt the noblest visions he then foresaw; and seated in this woodland council by his friend, with all that was ingenuous and gracious to mankind still written on his open brow, the varied knowledge of his remarks were hardly second to any at that board. The King of Denmark made one in the council, also Prince Augustus of Luneburg. And Christian of Wolfenbuttel, for the first time since his infancy, visited this tract of his ancestors

"Where the hunter of deer,
And the warrior strode,
To his hills that encircle the sea!"

For in this very fortress, the ancient Lords of the Hartz, the Saxon Pr[illegible]ces of

the age of Alfred and of Egbert, often held their courts; or issued to the chase; or directed their adventurous steps to that Anglo-Saxon country, sea-girt Albion, which yet bears the insignia of its ancestry, in the fair locks and azure eyes of its brave sons and beauteous daughters.

Round this immense hall, some of the party cast their eyes with reverence; others, more devoted to the habits which luxury had induced, shrunk at its aspect, with self-gratulation that such was not now the fashion of a Prince's house. Not a remnant of magnificence was there, but there was grandeur from that very simplicity. The walls were the rough-hewn granite from the mountain behind; the ceiling, high-vaulted and raftered; whence pended, by a chain, a huge iron lamp, giving light to the centre of the room. Beneath it, stood a round rugged table of pine-wood, its station for centuries, carved all over its surface with the names of the generations who had suc-

cessively encircled it. Blocks from the forest were set around, and on these sat the illustrious conclave.

The jovial Danish King remarked, on taking a draught of wine out of a rude cup, cut from the scull of a famous old stag, " that this was all in character; the hall being more like a rallying point of the forest-booters, in the days of his father Odin; than the council-chamber of a host of his sons, he flattered himself, the best appointed Princes in Christendom!"

" It is like a prince and a people," rejoined Duke Christian, answering the King's boisterous laugh with a smile; " who, satisfied with homes like this, know not a price that could purchase such independence."

The Duke was aware of there being much more royal entertainment, as his cousin of Denmark might have called it, not far off, in the hunting-lodge over which Baron Spielberg held his hospitable rule. But he refrained from disturbing

its orderly domain, with the presence of these chieftains, slender as might be the number of their necessary followers. Baron Spielberg, however, was present also; and he, fully understanding the import of such a distinction, felt it more than repay him for all the wounds he had received in the service of his ducal master; for the dedication of all his worldly wealth in the general cause. His happiness seemed complete, while feasting his eyes on the noble aspects of the gallant sons of him who was the commander of his youth; in hearing the wisdom of virtue from their lips, dictating to monarchs from distant lands. But his wary heart too well remembered the insidious looks of the dark-browed Bernhard de Saxe, and the suspicious atmosphere which, indeed, seemed to breathe from all his words and movements, not to regard him now with a doubting eye.

This man discoursed, with his usual affected blunt plainness, with every person

present; to the King, more familiarly than with Spielberg himself; and in all appeared to speak with a frank carelessness, that shewed he considered the fullest confidence there, safe as in his own bosom.

Every word, however, remotely or direct, tended to the persuasion of Duke Christian, to the necessity of his accompanying his brother and friends to the interview solicited by the Elector. Though reluctant to quit the helm of his dominions at this time, yet the absence would be only for a few days; and the object was so important, even to the ensuring those dominions from all danger on the Saxon side, and recovering so valuable an ally to the general cause, that Christian thought he could not, with any adequate reason, refuse to be present.

Spielberg observed the lynx-like eyes of Bernhard sparkle with a quick gleam of triumph, when the Duke pronounced his assent; and drawing his hand across his face, as if to conceal the sarcastic

smile that broke over it, the successful negociator looked down on the papers before him.

The proceedings of the allies were then finally arranged, both with regard to themselves, and what they meant to propose to the Elector. And the outline of this plan comprised the re-establishment, in perfect safety, of the German Protestant principalities, now invaded in every quarter by the armies of Ferdinand; to drive the Spaniards completely out of the empire on the side of the Rhine; and to recover the Palatinate for its hereditary lord. This part of the design was to be prosecuted under the leading of the King of Denmark, as its ostensible head; while Duke Christian would produce his aid in men, money, and even personal prowess, whenever the latter should be called by circumstance. The rest of the Protestant Princes had given him full authority, to subscribe their services to

whatever his wisdom might dictate. While this was doing in the north, Mansfeldt, with his two young coadjutors, were to return to the relief of Bohemia; where it might now be hoped, if all could be settled amicably between its King and the Elector of Saxony relative to their disputed territory of Juliers, the latter would assist in the final guarantee of that kingdom.

Bernhard, in the course of these arrangements, contrived to have it fixed, that as the meeting of the Princes with the Elector must be perfectly secret until the moment of his openly throwing off his yoke, the troops intended for Bohemia must pass through Saxony a little higher up, towards the wilds of the Thuringia forest, and there halt, till rejoined by their leaders from the electoral rendezvous.

This last disposition did not meet a ready assent from Spielberg; yet his

dissent spoke hardly more than a hesitating demur on the subject; for he knew no sound argument against such a caution in the Elector; it being only prudence in behalf both of himself and the cause he was preparing to adopt, not to alarm the Emperor before he was ready to repel blow by blow. It was therefore, Bernhard de Saxe, the veteran suspected, and yet why? Was not the handwriting of the Elector before him? And would that Prince, so illustrious in blood, and fair in character, (for being misled, may impugn the judgment, but not the principle,) would he be privy to a dishonourable stratagem of any kind? Impossible! And the good forest-master having so settled it, was at rest for awhile.

After supper, the wily negociator proposed setting off that fine evening; to have the start of the night before the Princes, that he might apprise the Elector, then at some distance from Hubertsberg,

of the guests he was now to meet there. When he withdrew to give the orders in consequence, the Duke, turning to the monarch of Denmark, remarked, with a look of compassion following the retiring Bernhard — "Poor de Saxe must have painful recollections connected with that place. It was from thence they carried his unhappy father, when despoiled of his rank and dominions, to the gloomy walls of Grimmenstien in Saxe Gotha; and in which he afterwards dragged out his life in hopeless captivity!"

This observation did not add to the tranquillity of Spielberg; whose watchful eyes, by a kind of fascination, had never quitted the face and movements of Bernhard, from the time of his entrance; and clung to him, under the same influence, until he took his final departure. The degradation of the old Elector, all knew, had been the sole act of the then reigning Emperor. His restoration, Bernhard also knew, had been attempted by the

ancestors of the very princes now in presence; but because it had not been accomplished, the disinherited son had more than once intimated, in his rough retorts, that he considered discomfiture as next of kin to desertion. Spielberg pondered on all this; and the look of gloomy, malign respect, with which the object of his suspicion took his leave of those to whom he was the avant courier, and while promising them the warmest hospitality in Saxony, did not escape the forest-master's vigilance. It seemed a mysterious repetition of the pledge his parting note contained to the Princes of Luneburg, when he stole away so clandestinely from the Hartz Lodge; engaging then, "to explain his reasons for forsaking them so abruptly, when that mighty huntress fortune, should again bring the Lion and the Bear together, under the shadow of the Brochen!" Duke Ernest, who had accepted the sign in good presage, was now removed from

seeing its completion, whatever it might be. But Duke Christian and George, equally seeming to consider him an honest man, were yet liable to rue their confidence.

CHAP. IX.

By sun-rise next day, the noble inmates of the Brochen tower took their mutual leaves. Denmark, to his army; Augustus to Celle, where he was to preside till his brother's return; the Duke, Mansfeldt, and the other two Princes, to their Saxon rendezvous; and Spielberg, to his Lodge. But long was the look he fixed on the departing steps of the latter little cavalcade. And heavy was the wind, moaning amongst the trees; as if, thought he, the spirit in those woods mourned some pending fate over the heads of these benignant lords of its native forest.

"The Lion and the Bear!" repeated he, "the lion boldly fronts his prey; the bear springs on him from covert! This man, evidently to me, envies these princes; and hates them, for being what

he is not; and they go to the castle where his father's honours were wrested from him!"

Spielberg again thought a threat was couched under the farewell at the Hartz; then, with the mutability of doubt, accused himself of prejudice and superstition; and turning his steps into the depths of the forest, proceeded homewards.

Meanwhile, Bernhard de Saxe arrived at the sequestered and romantic palace of Hubertsberg. A place now rarely visited by the Elector; but with his late brother, it had been a favourite residence; that prince having been passionately fond of all the field-sports to which the saint, with whose name it was inscribed, was supposed to have regaled his pilgrim votaries. It stood in the confines of a vast chase, which in days of old stretched on to the forest of Thuringia; while a village, of no very great extent, about a mile from the out-

ward embankment of the castellated mansion, (for no great mansion could then be otherwise in Germany,) gave to its deep solitude some appearance of neighbourhood. But the inhabitants were wild as the scene, workers in the quarries which every where intersected this part of the country, and undermining it also, often rendered the career of the hunters more than ordinarily dangerous.

One of these exhausted mines of grey marble, dug centuries ago behind the eastern wing of the palace, formed a tremendous moat on that side, more like a lake indeed; for the late Elector had its open side banked in by a strong wall, and the whole filled from the numerous adjacent mountain streams. Hence it became an immense body of water; which being stocked with fish, he varied his secluded amusements, by angling out of his library window. In that quarter lay the chief of the ducal apartments.

It was about noon, when Bernhard

arrived. Every where in Saxony he was received as an acknowledged kinsman of its lord; and here he was expected by its warden, having called in his way to the Hartz, to leave his personal escort, a stout band of Croats, and to inform him he should return probably with two or three noble guests, in their way to Vienna. The warden was told no more of these personages; but the commander of the Croats having a more considerable part to sustain, it was necessary he should know who these visitants really were, and what was the purpose of their reception.

Soon after Bernhard's return, he summoned the warden, to give directions respecting the entertainment of his expected guests; and particularly ordered a sumptuous supper to be prepared in the banquet-chamber over the quarry. The officer then respectfully mentioned, that the Duke of Darmstadt had stopped at the palace the preceding night, the Princess

his daughter having been taken suddenly ill, while travelling through the forest. Bernhard seemed in some embarrassment at this; but recollecting himself, told the warden it was now necessary he should understand that the personages expected that evening, were passing on a secret mission to Vienna, and hence no intimation must be given to the Darmstadt party of any such guests. The warden's reply satisfied de Saxe; it told him, the old Duke appeared too much absorbed in philosophical researches, with a venerable looking sage who had accompanied him, to stir from his apartment; and the young Princess had neither been seen, nor heard, by any in the palace since her arrival. She had only two female attendants with her; the rest of the suite having proceeded on towards their destination, before their lady was taken ill.

"We are remote here, from knowing what goes forward in the world," re-

marked the warden; "but I have heard, this young Princess is to become our Electress when she arrives at Vienna; and that it would have taken place before, had not the sudden death of her mother intervened."

"On these subjects," returned Bernhard, "I never trouble my head. Only do you take care none of these women shew themselves this night. Nor let the Duke's name be mentioned within hearing of any of my guests, or their servants. Your Elector, indeed, might consider his future consort's reputation sullied, if known to have passed a night in this remote place, in such wild neighbourhood, as a band of soldiers, however noble."

The warden bowed obedience, and withdrew.

That Eleanor of Darmstadt rested there, was true; and that her father's errand to Vienna, was to solemnise her marriage with the Elector of Saxony,

was not less the fact. But that it never should be sanctioned by a vow from her lips, was her resolve. For in the first moment she beheld him, she conceived an abhorrence to his person, which turned the prospect of her marriage into that of a sentence worse than death. She met him immediately after the escape of her father from the horrors in Bohemia; when she was placed, a bond of amity, in the hands of the Emperor by that father, to be disposed of as he would, and the Elector of Saxony became the object on whom the imperial mandate designed to rest. Unhappily for her, and his own honour perhaps, as soon as he beheld her, he felt his heart ready to obey the Emperor's political proposition,—that he should strengthen his newly-acquired possessions in the vicinity of Darmstadt with this alliance with its Duke. The Elector, struck with her youth and her charms, approached her immediately

with the ease of a man who knew she must be his if he wished it, and indeed, with the freedom of one who shewed that such was his wish, without any regard to the probable reluctance of a young creature, evidently clinging to her mother from apprehension. Eleanor's eyes had indeed been rivetted to the ground, from the moment she was told they looked on her future husband; and when he smiling drew near her, she shrunk away, as if approached by a serpent; but when he took her hand, and kissed it—that hand which the Prince of Luneburg had touched with his lips, she could have spurned him thence for the cruel violation. But in the Emperor's presence, not daring to shew sign of any displeasure, tears burst from her eyes, and from that hour the Elector was the object of her decided aversion.

Next day, on being apprised by her mother, of its being decided by her father and the Emperor, she was immediately to

become the bride of Saxony, her agonies almost bereft her of life; and she told her too sympathising parent, that the moment of her forced marriage would be her death. The experiment was tried a few weeks afterwards, in spite of all the maternal tears and entreaties of the Duchess for her nearly insensible child. The Duke, infatuated with the idea of having so powerful a Prince for his son-in-law; and with the hope of converting him and his whole territory to the Roman Church; and urged by Ferdinand's self, to despise female persuasions on all occasions, was stedfast in commanding his daughter to the altar.

Eleanor, like a breathing statue, was therefore led into a private room of the imperial palace, where the Lutheran service was to unite her with the object of her detestation, now doubly abhorrent from her belief, that he knew he was to wed her against her will. When she

saw him approach the altar, where she stood supported by her ladies, she did not faint only, she fell senseless, so utterly lifeless, that they who raised her from the floor believed her dead. The Elector himself brought her in his arms to the apartment of her invalid mother, then a guest in the imperial palace. At sight of her daughter in this state, she shrieked aloud — "Then it is, as my child predicted! — She is the bride of Saxony, and he has wedded death!"

The Elector, appalled at what he heard, replied — "She fell thus, before the ceremony even was begun."

"Thank God for that!" exclaimed the Duchess, hardly knowing what she uttered, in the consternation of her maternal anguish.

Suffice it to say, the stroke was mortal to one, but not where it was expected. Eleanor recovered to life, but her mother's fatal symptoms augmented from that moment, and within the month she died.

Her unhappy daughter, now entirely abandoned to the dotage of her father, beset by alchemists, jesuits, and Ferdinand's creatures, was dragged about from place to place, in order to recover her strength and spirits, to revisit Vienna — and then ratify the pledge of its master, repeated again and again to Saxony, as his imperial determination. In vain had Eleanor applied to her half-brother, the administrator of Darmstadt, to rescue her from such a sacrifice: his attempted interference only exasperated the Duke to a more determined resolution; for in those ages, the pursuit of sciences which led to no end but to bewilder, generally terminated in perversion of the intellect. To avoid repetitions from his son, or perhaps from the mere humour of his mind, it was not always known where the old man was to be found. He appeared to delight in travelling about in a mysterious way, to unthought-of places; and it was only by being obliged to seek a tempo-

rary repose for his daughter, whose approach to Vienna almost drove to madness, that he allowed his quality to be revealed to the warden of Hubertsberg, in order to obtain the shelter she required.

But from the moment the party entered the apartments consigned to them, the Duke shut himself up with his professor of alchemy, and forgot his daughter almost as entirely as if she were in the tomb with her mother. But Eleanor's disease being in the heart, which thence shot its trembling apprehensions through her whole frame, could not find rest any where. How could the body repose, when the spirit was distracted! She had lost a mother, who had been all the world to her; she was now dragged towards a marriage, the first step to which had deprived her of that mother's life. How could she then, but doubly abhor its object! To say that any sentiment of woman's love, for George of Luneburg,

mingled with this repugnance, would be to affirm too much. She had seen him only a few hours! But still those few contained such an epitome of his goodness, she might, perhaps, have been excused, had she owned more of its effect on her than she did. Such intrepidity, such nobleness, and generous gallantry of purpose, in all she saw! Could she ever forget the defiles of Erzeberg, where he had knelt near her, by the side of the dying Fabritius? Could she ever forget the amiable, the tender fellowship of his eyes with her's, in their ministry of Christian charity! Could she ever forget the religious care with which she had sanctified the hand his lips had hallowed; And could she ever pardon him, who had rifled that touch from her!

Until such outrage, and she was called upon to give her virgin heart to him who had committed it; she could have mused on the recollection of the Erzeberg scene, with smiles alone of grateful memory:

but when she was made to compare the prince of Ferdinand's election, with him who had saved her father's life,—then the contrast made the image of George take a shape in her bosom, it might otherwise never have assumed. Hence, whenever report spoke of the Prince of Luneburg, she lent no inattentive ear. And strange now was the destiny that seemed likely to bring him under the same roof with her, without either of them being aware of the circumstance.

The warden had given Bernhard true information, when he told him the apartments assigned to the Duke of Darmstadt were in the west wing of the palace; therefore the whole centre of the building, which contained the chapel and chambers of ceremony, divided him from the quarter appointed for the visitants. But Eleanor, with the restlessness attendant on a fevered state of the nerves, wandered from gallery to gallery, through that immense body of

structure, and found all solitary. Observing a narrow matted passage gradually sloping to a declivity, and as if cut in the thickness of the wall, she followed it till it led to a small green velvet door; the latchet of which yielding to her hand, she immediately found herself in the electoral pew, opening like a gallery into the chapel. The pew was closed from the view of those who might be beneath, by silk curtains, then drawn all around, probably as left the last time divine service had been performed there. But it appeared not to have been during this Elector's reign, for the place felt damp and musty; yet it was holy ground, and the troubled spirit of Eleanor felt as if suddenly entered into the house of a parent who assuredly would comfort her. She gently closed the door behind her, which went on a soft noiseless pivot; and kneeling down, was uttering her own mental prayer, when she caught the sounds of voices below.

They spoke in low, cautious tones, but the nature of her situation brought her every word.

Stir she durst not, for fear of being discovered by strangers so far from her own apartments, therefore waited till they might remove from under the gallery where she was, and so not overhear her retreat; for the door of the chapel evidently opened under the electoral seat. She now heard one say to the other, "Push the bolt, and we shall not be disturbed." The mandate was obeyed; and the same voice, first in a low tone, and then gradually increasing in height and force, as his passions kindled in their course. "The whole four will be here to-night," cried he, "and not one of them must go hence." Some other words, in which every one of them seemed to contain a shaft of murder, closed the sentence, and transfixed Eleanor to the spot.

The answering person replied — "Tell me how the attack is to be made, and

I will pledge you myself not a man escapes."

"Sit close, and attend," returned Bernhard de Saxe, for it was he, and his auditor, the leader of the Croats.—"Glavitz," cried he, "you are now in the palace of my father; and but for the rapacity of friends and allies of the men now coming to my vengeance, your mother's sister, who gave me birth, might have been a princess in this land, and I sitting in the electoral chair of Saxony. Am I alive to say it!" and he struck his forehead: "Would that I had the fifth, indeed, to meet these four; then I might laugh, even were the rack upon me. These have some of my lands too — but let that pass! I hate them on my own account; for they are kind, and condescending, and patronizing, when need seems, of Bernhard de Saxe, the poor unherited cadet of their princely houses! Devils! I could pardon them if they hated, and so seemed to fear me! I that

have as good a right as they, to be a prince, and worshipped and courted! must I now bow, cap-in-hand, before emperors and kings; an envoy, a pitiful messenger, between petty sovereigns, far less in state and consequence than I might have been! Glavitz, it maddens me." He appeared to pause from vehement agitation, and then more temperately added, "But now the time is come when I shall have vengeance on four; and he who deems it his interest alone which sets me on, will reward me for my own pleasure in its issue, with the government of Croatia. Then, Glavitz, we shall see if the sons of Grumbach may not find an independent empire in the East!"

"It may be well for you, Bernhard," replied the Croat, "the vengeance and the empire; and I wish you had them both! but I am satisfied to execute the first part, for the gold alone, you promised me. Independence is already my own.

Once in Croatia, the governor himself durst not say nay to one of us!" And the ruffian proudly laughed, in the triumph of his savage freedom.

Bernhard, meanwhile, having calmed a spirit which seldom allowed itself so to burst the bounds of a dissimulating restraint, more coolly resumed his subject; and informed his emissary, that the Duke of Luneburg, with his brother George, and their kinsman Christian of Wolfenbuttel, with Ernest of Mansfeldt to complete the offering, and thence encrease his guerdon! These would all arrive, and totally unguarded, about the hour of dusk.

On the mention of these names, Eleanor became all gasping, terrified attention.

Bernhard proceeded in his directions; and the first was, that on the entrance of the princes into the house, Glavitz must send in a letter, already provided for him, to Duke Christian; and this imported

that the Elector of Saxony would join them after supper. Meanwhile the Croats were to be kept out of sight of the few personal servants attendant on the Princes, who, after waiting on their masters before supper, the warden was to order to their own feasting in the lower halls.

But the hall of entertainment for the nobler guests, he declared, the spirits of his forefathers must have designed for their descendant's future vengeance. It possessed four entrances; one which opened to the gardens, he should fasten on that side, to prevent escape; the second was the portal of common use for the company and servants, and its door Bernhard would bolt on the outside also; when he had passed through, on having given the signal for the attack within. Those to make it, were two well-armed divisions of the Croats; and each planted in the galleries behind the remaining doors at the hither end of the

chamber, were there to stand ready for his sign. Glavitz was to head one band; his nephew, as ruthless a spirit as Bernhard himself, to lead the second; the whole making a company of assassins to the amount of twenty, an ample number for the destruction of four unarmed men; for his coadjutor pledged himself, the Princes' swords should be conveyed from the room, after they had laid them down, on taking their seats for supper. No hostile movement, however, was to be attempted until the servants were withdrawn, and not a knife left on the table that might afford a temporary defence. Bernhard was then to proclaim with a loud voice a proposed toast, *The liberty of Germany*. On hearing this, Glavitz, from his near station at the door, must beckon his men, planted further from it, to approach. At sound of their feet Bernhard would then start up, exclaiming, "The Elector is arrived!" and rushing from the room, pull the door after

him, and bolt it. Its noise must be the signal for the attack.

"When you have dispatched them," continued he, "the windows are near; sink them in the quarry-dam. Bohemia herself has taught us that way of getting rid of our enemies. But make sure of them first. Some of these, like the invulnerable three in the Prague moat, wearing enchanted bodies; and which, if not made to yield the souls within them, might yet swim the surface to our ruin."

Glavitz engaged to obey all these orders to the letter; and then, as coolly as if chusing his prize from a herd of deer, asked who should be struck first, for he would take that noblest game himself. "I never yet found proof of armour, or proof of spell," cried he, with a ferocious laugh, "turn the point of my steel."

"Duke Christian is your man!" returned Bernhard. "He is the head of the body. But not one of the members

must escape. The Duke, you may distinguish by his superior stature; Prince George, by his handsome face; Mansfeldt, by his accursed air of proud humility—he is the *gefrorn!* and against him, I have armed your nephew, with a pistol that holds a counter-charm. Young Wolfenbuttel is the last, and shows a fire of countenance, that might well have owed one half of its kindling to a little of our stock. But you must down with them all."

He then gave directions respecting another band of Croats, he had disposed in the caverns of the forest. They were to enter the palace sword in hand, on a signal he should show by a lamp from the top of the main tower; and treating it in some measure in the character of banditti, give occasion for the whole affair to pass hereafter, as having happened in the ravage of such an assault; and during it, all who might bring any evidence in trace of the real fact,

could readily be disposed of by the side of the murdered Princes. To ensure the unmolested entrance of this second band, Bernhard would have the usual warder of the gate called in, on the arrival of the guests; and one of his own party placed as guard there.

"It will do," replied the Croat; "and this holy place having given us all necessary sanctuary, we had best proceed to business."

Both rising immediately, something more was said by Bernhard, which escaped the ear of the Princess; but she heard them leave the chapel, and the door close after them.

CHAP. X.

What was Eleanor now to do? Appalled, she remained for some minutes fixed on her knees, after they had withdrawn; hardly able to think of any thing but the one fact, that murder was to be committed that night under the roof where she was; and on the persons most honoured in the empire, one of whom had been the preserver of her own and her father's life; and it did not seem possible to prevent the catastrophe.

From Bernhärd's representation, she could not gather whether the Elector's servants were, or were not, concerned in the conspiracy; therefore to impart what she had heard to them, might only be to betray her knowledge to equal enemies. To name it to her infatuated parent, or to his empirical companion, would be

vain; and even did they hearken to her, they were old men, therefore personally powerless; and their attendants few in number, and hardly trust-worthy.—What then could be done? With a prayer wrung from the very depths of her soul, she implored heaven, which had brought her to the privity of such a treason, to inspire her with some means of bringing the knowledge of their danger to the Princes themselves. But if they once passed within the walls of that palace, she felt, they would be lost; and who could she trust, to meet them ere they entered it?—None.

Bewildered, she hastened to her own apartment, and while looking from her window, in a maze of expedients, all of which seemed equally abortive, no hand being near to put any into practice, the thought at once struck her, that as she fortunately heard Bernhard tell the Croat the watch-word of the warden to his people, and also the parole of his own

band; by putting on a disguise, she might herself pass the gates, and hovering near them till she saw the Princes approach, apprise one or other of them of the horrors meditated. This seeming the only probable plan, she hastened to its execution. Her father's travelling wardrobe furnished her with a cloak like those of his attendants, and a page's bonnet. Enveloping her person in the one, and covering her head with the other, drawing its beaver over her face, she descended into the court-yard with a quick step, for dread and hope united, braced every nerve.

"The word!" cried an old porter, with his segar at his mouth, as the seeming page of Darmstadt was hurrying through the outer gate. Eleanor started. It was the five initial letters of the Elector's impresse: — "V. D. M. I. O!" returned she.

"Pass."

She shot through like an arrow, and

proceeded, breathlessly, till turning behind a clump of trees, which screened her from all cognizance from the palace, "Thank God!" cried she inwardly, "here I will take my guard. Princes of Brunswick, ye shall now be warned."

The dusk was coming on. And several persons passing to and from the village, though not with any relation to the palace, yet excited so much alarm in Eleanor, unaccustomed to any such exposure as this, that at every new appearance she retreated amongst the trees.

One man she at last remarked advancing from the way of the village, towards the palace; but when he drew near her station, she retired into her thicket. He approached the gate, gazed on it, turned back, and then retrod his former path a little, but often looking behind, stopped, and stood at gaze again. This he did repeatedly; then returned, as if by a sudden impulse, and walking boldly up to the gate, evidently held some confer-

ence with the porter. His next appearance in passing the copse, was with a very pensive step. Eleanor was struck by his demeanor, which certainly showed nothing of the assassin; and while observing him this last time, she lingered so long before the trees, the object of her attention was himself attracted to her manner of watching him. Indeed he had for some time marked a shadowy form passing about that copse as he approached or retreated; and now finding his suspicions excited, that some ambush might be lurking there in the way of his Princes, of which this youth was the sentinel, he determined to explore the ground behind.

Hence, he almost immediately plunged into the adjacent wood, and was just satisfied that solitude alone was there, when he heard the speed of horses passing by its skirts. Guessing by the pace whose they were, he hastened through the trees, with the intention to demand, as a boon of Duke Christian, that he

would allow him and his few followers to accompany the travellers into the palace. But the haste of the veteran was not equal to his zeal. He emerged just in sight of the cavalcade passing along the draw-bridge to the gateway, while the last horseman, who, by the peculiar lightness with which he sat his gallant steed, he discerned to be Prince George, turned his head round, and throwing something from him, instantly followed the impetuous speed of the others, and was lost to sight under the porch.

At that moment, Spielberg (for he was this anxious pursuer of his master's steps), pantingly turned the little hillock of the copse, and almost in the same instant, saw the youth he had suspected, fall from a kneeling position, prostrate on the ground, with a dreadful cry. A full purse, which lay at some distance, seemed to be what Prince George had thrown to the suppliant — for so he must have supposed was the character of the person

whom he had seen so frantically assume that pleading attitude, with an exclamation of "Stop! stop! for mercy's sake!"

The agonized haste of Eleanor to rush from the thicket, to make herself be heard by some one of the intended noble victims, could not, however, bring her down soon enough to intercept the swiftness with which the cavalcade swept by the base of the hillock; but just as George had passed the spot she was descending, her almost frenzied cry made him look round. He then saw a youth on his knees, with clasped hands; but the high-mettled animal he rode not immediately obeying the curb, his benevolent master threw the purse, believing its contents the most desirable part of his attention.

Spielberg, who had heard the words of the cry also, stooped to the poor youth, whose petition, whatever it might be, he perceived was not for charity; and the

agony of the beautiful countenance which opened on him, when he attempted to raise him up, was full of a horror that struck even to the nerves of the veteran. Unconscious what she uttered, and clinging to the earth in the pang of the moment, she exclaimed, " He is lost!" and then every feature became convulsed, as if the hand of death had seized upon the lips that breathed it.

Spielberg's fears were like a train of gunpowder. " Who is lost?" cried he. " Does any thing menace the safety of the Princes of Brunswick?"

At the demand, and uttered in a tone of interest that could not be mistaken, Eleanor looked up from her earthward despair; and gazing on the face of Spielberg, as if her eyes would read his soul —" If you are their true friend," cried she, " Heaven may have sent you to save their lives. If you are an enemy, and betray what I could tell you, God will avenge the innocent!"

"Speak!" returned Spielberg. "My soul guessed there was treachery intended them, and I followed them through the near paths of the forest, with a speed which has preceded theirs. I am a servant of Duke Christian's — the old soldier of his brave father."

Tears burst from the venerable baron's eyes with the concluding words; and Eleanor, having no longer a doubt, raised herself from the ground with the firmness of new awakened hope; then leading the way into the copse, in that security declared who she was, and all she had learnt in the chapel of the palace.

The indignation, the horror of Spielberg during the recital, were too big for utterance; but when the Princess ended, he described, with thankfulness to Heaven, the presage of evil which had haunted him against all self-persuasions to the contrary, as if to compel him to follow his master's steps; and prepare himself

for yielding assistance, should any harm be really intended. He had therefore brought about a dozen staunch-hearted foresters, well armed, and ready to defend their Prince to the last drop in their veins; and he had left them at the village.

"Those are few against such a band of ruffians!" observed Eleanor.

"Not," returned Spielberg, "when love nerves the arm, and a better than our own succours us!"

He did not deem it safe to attempt strengthening his power, by reposing any trust in the villagers; and sincerely believing his own party sufficient for his purpose, he proposed to Eleanor, that when the advance of the evening should render objects obscure, and so shelter their movements, he and his little band should seize on the Croat, who would now be planted at the gate; and detaching one of the bravest amongst themselves to hold it in guard, raise the draw-bridge: — a precaution which would prevent any

attack by the second party, from the caverns in the forest. He remembered visiting this palace in his youth; and he told the Princess, he thought he could find his way round by the back of the building, into that part of the gardens which opened from the door of the banquetting chamber. "That door," he repeated, "which Bernhard said he had already secured on the outside. If we succeed in reaching it, we shall stand there, prepared to break into the apartment the moment the signal of the villain calls out his ambuscade. But what, heroic lady, will become of you the while?"

She turned pale at the question, because there was indeed no alternative in the answer — "I must remain with you to the last. To my apartments I cannot return. For when Bernhard talked of sacking the palace — for a reason that may make life penance to me — he added, that as soon as the Princes were

under its roof, the great door of the Darmstadt suite of apartments should be barred by his own hand from all other entrance."

Spielberg sighed. "Then, noble Princess, arm your heart for a scene ill suited to a female eye; but the might of justice, I trust, will be your protection, as well as theirs to whom we go."

He soon after left Eleanor, still in the copse, while he returned to the village, to prepare his people for instant action. She passed the not long interval, in supplicating the Power which had brought this aid as if by miracle, to complete its mercy by a final rescue.

CHAP. XI.

The Princes having entered the palace, were received by Bernhard de Saxe, and the few servants inhabiting it, with every mark of their respect. But when nothing of the master's presence appeared, Duke Christian was displeased with Bernhard's haste, in having brought him to a seeming taking possession of the Elector's house, before he was there himself to bid him welcome. It was against this expected remonstrance, the conspirator had prepared himself; and while the Duke was yet standing in the great hall which led from that of entrance, evidently hesitating whether he should await his host, or return immediately, a Croat, habited for the purpose, presented himself with the concerted apology for the delay. The note was to Bernhard, sig-

nifying, that an accident prevented the Elector coming on, and would detain him a few hours at the next post; but he should be at Hubertsberg before midnight. Therefore, must hope the Duke of Luneburg, and his brave colleagues, would command in his house meanwhile, and condescend to receive every hospitable greeting from the hands of their mutual friend and servant, Bernhard de Saxe.

The Princes were all satisfied with this explanation; and soon followed their servants, to comply with Bernhard's solicitations, that they would refresh themselves with change of dress before supper; — he being in some apprehension that the stubborn texture of their usual riding coats, might prove impediments in the way of the warm greeting he intended should conduct them to their last repose.

When re-assembled in the hall, the young men admired the collection of Saxon heroes, of several generations,

which adorned its finely polished cedar walls.

"Their wives and daughters cumber the arras in the supper-chamber," remarked Bernhard; "and that is even more than I ever wish to see of the pernicious sex."

"What is the matter now with the bear?" whispered George to Wolfenbuttel: "he always growls at something foreign from his real thoughts, when that dark soul of his thinks itself aggrieved."

"Gnawing his heart, perhaps," replied Wolfenbuttel, "that he should stand serviteur here, where he might have sat as prince!"

"If so," returned George, "I pity him."

"If he deserved your pity," retorted the other, "he would be out of its reach. Were you in his case, would you lacquey any man in your father's courts?"

"I would dig our mines first."

"Then keep your pity for women and old age. Manhood has nothing to do with it."

Mansfeldt, Duke Christian, and the traitor, were then in close conversation at the higher end of the room; and soon after, supper being announced, the party passed through the anti-chambers, where the Elector's officers and pages usually stood; but all there, at present, was vacant. The banquetting-hall, however, was lit up with much splendour; and the repast, which did indeed appear as if prepared for the Elector's own princely reception of his guests, sparkled with the most superb gold plate, and every embellishment of costly magnificence. The furniture of the apartment was in harmony. The draperies of the large windows being of the richest hues and fabric; and the chairs and benches cushioned in like fashion, with the embroidered works of many of the fair hands, whose beauteous

owners smiled around in effigy, on the admiring eyes transferred from their tapestry to themselves.

"Something different from our hall of the Brochen!" exclaimed George; "and perhaps a little more to my taste!"

While sitting at supper, Bernhard performed its honours, with an ease and animation that surprised his old acquaintance. For from the moment he took his place, he seemed like a creature transformed. His countenance flashed into a brilliancy of colour, none remembered to have seen there before; and his eye sparkled under its cowering lids, as it passed from face to face of his guests, urging them to drink wine, and partake his good cheer. But at last, when the strength of his own potations induced him to give the rein to a humour so unusual to him in such company, they were soon made to acknowledge amongst themselves, that his gloomy mood was far more agreeable than his gay — for the

vice of his heart, then broke out in a licence of sentiment, with his newly indulged freedom of speech, which changed the smiling urbanity of Duke Christian into frowns; and so displeased the younger men of the party, that to divert the grosser themes of their host, they gave way to their own frolic fancies on subjects of wit and mirth; lightening, indeed, the jocund hearts from whose pure source they flowed. In the midst of a hearty laugh from George, at one of Mansfeldt's smiling strokes at Wolfenbuttel, the great clock of the palace struck eleven.

The servants had been withdrawn nearly half an hour, for Bernhard wished all in their quarter to be absorbed in their own feasting. Mansfeldt's quick eye, even in the midst of his mirth, caught an instantaneous change in the visage of their host. It all at once collected from a boisterous burst of merriment, as if struck by a wizard's wand, to a strange

rigidity of feature; and pallid as death, hardly appearing to know what he did, he filled his glass to the brim.

"A toast, my Princes!" cried he, and the elevation of his voice sounded through the room, as if to wake its echoes. "The Liberty of Germany!"

There was not one present who did not instantly rise from his chair, and drink it. During their movement, a throng of quick advancing steps were heard along the two adjoining galleries, at the hither end of the apartment. The Princes looked round, rather startled; for there was something in the sound, which men, accustomed to the surprises of military camasades, well understood. But no time was left for remark, for Bernhard immediately exclaiming, "The Elector is arrived!" attracted the attention back to himself; and making a spring to the place of his egress, he rushed through its portal, pulling the door after him with the noise of thunder.

"There!" cried he, while pushing the outer bolt into its guard; "that peal is thy knell, Brunswick!"

The instant clamour of the entrance he had projected—the voices of the Princes, in amazement and defiance—the clash of steel—the imprecations of the Croats—in short, the horrid tumult of murder and resistance—all sounded at once in the villain's ears. He heard the fall of some, the struggle of others—and surprised at its continuing so long, stood with his hand on the bolt of the door, watching the moment of being called in to witness the lifeless bodies,—and see them plunged from other sight, into the black waters of the moat.

But such was not to be the surcease of the tragedy to him. For after a tremendous storm of the conflict, ceasing at once in a murmur of groans and fearful curses, he heard the voice of Glavitz calling aloud, "Grumbach! If you are a man—help me!"

Supposing that the Princes must at the first have wrested arms from their adversaries, to have occasioned any contest; and now not doubting that this summons was to behold the entire triumph of his party, he instantly undrew the bolt and entered. But how was he aghast, when he beheld the figures of men he had never seen before, grappling with the assassins; many yet struggling, though in the agonies of death, and the floor strewed with others dying and dead! Amongst the latter heaps might be the bodies of Luneburg and Mansfeldt, for his amazed sight could distinguish neither; but Prince George appeared immediately before him on his entrance, with one knee on the breast of Glavitz, and his own dagger, which he had wrenched from him, pointed there. Bernhard, almost believing his antagonists indeed under the protection of some magic power—and that phantoms of mischief were then stalking the room in

their defence, — in the desperation of seizing all the vengeance that might be in his power, drew a pistol from his belt, and aimed it at the Prince — but ere he had time to pull the trigger, his hand, struck by a ball, fell shattered to his side, while the shot entered still deeper into his breast. He dropped, with a malediction, and rolling his face inward, lay without sign of life.

"The game is up!" cried the Croat. "Quarter, Prince!"

"On what plea, to a leader of assassins?" returned George.

"Our leader lies there!" replied Glavitz. "The assassin who set us on, and betrayed us! Give us life, and you shall be your own judge of his treasons!"

George did not now need the information; but the cry for quarter had never received a negative from his sword, and proclaiming aloud the surrender, he rose from the bleeding body of the vanquished. But the Prince had hardly recovered his

erect posture, and turned away, when the keen eye of Glavitz observed his kinsman move; and aware that his left hand could strike a poniard as sure as his right, and might now try it on him who had just engaged to reveal all his treasons,—the Croat started up, to avoid him; but the floor being slippery with blood, and his own flowing fast, he stumbled towards his generous enemy; and catching at his arm to prevent his falling again, abruptly said, " Prince, Grumbach lives — he might stab me, to seal my tongue — I have lost my strength with my blood; therefore assist me from his neighbourhood!"

With the last word, the wounded man sunk gasping into the arms of two brave sons of the Hartz; who, by George's orders, immediately took him to a recess in a distant part of the room, to staunch his bleeding.

The voice of the Prince no sooner had proclaimed the surrender of this the captain of the attacking band, than every

victor sword was arrested in its fall; and the surviving Croats, growling more at the loss of the booty they had expected, than grateful for their granted lives, gloomily gave up the weapons, which a moment after might have been wrested from their lifeless hands, and drew away, under guard of a brave old forester, to the side of their swooning chief. His nephew was slain, and had received his death-stroke from the hand of Wolfenbuttel. Many others lay dead, and not more than one-third of the murderous band remained without severe wounds; for the conflict had, indeed, been a mortal struggle. Neither did the assailed, however victorious, escape without deep mementos of their danger.

At the moment of onset, when starting from the table at the first noise of the rush behind them, when the Princes, on beholding the headlong fury of an immediate intended massacre, sprung to the spot where they had deposited their swords — at that instant, when they found

their weapons gone, Luneburg received a pike in his breast; and thrust backwards by the force of the strong hand that pushed it—that of Glavitz; he heard the cry of friends behind him, and was caught in the arms of Spielberg. Then was the tumult and the horror. Mansfeldt and the Princes seeing the condition of Duke Christian, once in their lives fought less for defence than revenge. The Croats, supposing themselves betrayed to this ambuscade by their employer, fought like desperate men abandoned to destruction; and the hardy foresters wrestled with the tiger horde, with a resolution that only death separated.

When all seemed over, and humanity turned itself to attend to the survivors; Duke Christian, who had soon recovered the shock of the pike, and staunched its wound, now finding it bleed afresh, submitted it to the assistance of George; and at the moment he was binding down the

torn muscles, for the weapon had not penetrated farther — they saw Spielberg entering from the garden, bearing an insensible body in his arms. He approached the long cushioned bench on which the Duke sat, and then George stood back from his brother, having completed his office, and Spielberg laid down his charge upon the bench.

"What! a boy?" ejaculated Luneburg. "Not dead, I hope?"

"I trust not!" returned Spielberg, in an agitated voice, "for dire would be the calamity!"

"Why!" cried George, observing the cap and cloak. "It is the boy to whom I threw my purse."

"It is a woman, and one whose heroism brought me to this spot. Stand round, my Prince, that none else may see the face I must uncover for her recovery. It is a swoon, not death or wounds, I trust." This was uttered in a half-smothered voice.

"A woman!" repeated Christian, in the same suppressed tone, though in some surprise; and gently putting his hand on her's, which yet lay under her cloak, to feel whether it were warm, he found a pistol firmly held in its grasp.

"Hah!" cried Spielberg, on seeing it, "then she fired the ball that killed yon murderer!—I thought it came from that open door, but could not have guessed from her hand."

George, whose life that ball had therefore saved, did not speak, for he had parted the bright hair from the face, when the cap was taken off, and beheld, to his speechless astonishment, the features of Eleanor of Darmstadt. He trembled, and with an emotion he never knew before, sunk on his knees beside her. He took that pale, lifeless hand, from his brother's, and pressed it to his lips—but the grateful recognition was on his heart. He then tenderly unclasped the slender fingers from the

pistol, and put it into his breast, though still clasping in agitated silence the hand which had held it.

"Spielberg!" continued the Duke, "what is all this mystery. All we know, our lives have been assaulted by the treachery of Bernhard, and saved by you! — This fair creature, too, you say, was your assistant? — Are we in this room in a state of siege, with other enemies yet without? — Or may we seek relief for the expiring wretches around us — and above all, for her, to whom we owe so much."

"Eleanor of Darmstadt!" repeated George, "and here, in this house of Saxony! Spielberg! How is it? Are we his prisoners?"

"That not even she could tell me," replied the veteran; "she revealed the conspiracy to me, and led me to interrupt it — but I know no more."

"Then the warden must answer us," returned the Prince, and turning towards

Mansfeldt, who approached at the instant from his offices of mercy amongst friends and foes, gladly accepted his offer of accompanying him in the search. Wolfenbuttel, meanwhile, though appearing himself to need the aid of surgery, would not leave his guard over the still motionless body of Bernhard; until better inspection might be found, to pronounce whether the arch conspirator were yet within the reach of future justice.

George was winged, in the hope of aid for her at least, whose warm pulse he had felt reviving in the hand he had relinquished to his brother's care, while thus exploring assistance for all. He and his companion proceeded through the ante-rooms and halls without meeting a human being, so well had Bernhard taken his precaution. And then crossing a great stone-gallery, that divided the palace from its offices, he heard the noise of merriment. Hastening towards it,

the Prince and his friend suddenly entered the place where the household were at revels, and their own servants amongst them.

They all started at so extraordinary an apparition; for both the Princes wore horrid marks of the affray in which they had been engaged.

"Servants of the Elector of Saxony," cried Mansfeldt, "if you are not concerned in the conspiracy against us, which has laid the chamber above with wounded men, you will follow us now, and yield us all the restitution in your power! — Call your warden."

The servants of the Princes, looking on each other in dismay, and with suspicion on their hosts, seized their arms, and followed their masters. But before they repassed the great hall, the warden joined them with horror in his countenance; and his answer to Mansfeldt's immediate charge of the conspiracy, fully demonstrated, that both himself and his

household were ignorant of any such purpose. On entering the room of contest, the old man shrunk back with terror, for blood met him in little runnels, streaming through the door-way. The rest of the servants, at such a sight, ran back in almost unappeasable fright. The warden recovering himself, and calling one or two to follow him, for the honour of their lord, proceeded, after a moment's pause, into the chamber; and the sight was terrific — the ruffianly countenances of the Croats, lying in the fixture of the fierce passions in which death had seized them, their gaping wounds now staunched in black gore. The wounded, groaning in wrath and pain; while the brave sons of the Hartz, were bearing their evils incurred in the rescue, like good soldiers, ready to die or live for their Prince.

The Princess of Darmstadt yet lay without sign of consciousness, though not of life, between the united care of

Duke Christian and Spielberg. But Bernhard then was sitting erect on the ground, supported by two of the foresters, while Wolfenbuttel was directing a third in the examination of his wounds.

On the approach of the warden, Bernhard, whose sullenly half-opened eyes were fixed on the vacancy of the doorway, suddenly exclaimed with a demoniac smile, in which all the character of his malignant spirit was pourtrayed— "So, you too, are come to bear your evidence against me!—to sink me to perdition, for having leagued with cowards. But there is not one amongst them, Princes, who can tell you more than I will myself, of the treason that besets your steps. Cure my wounds, and you shall know your enemies."

Just as he spoke, the clock struck twelve. The despairing grin that clenched his teeth, while the strokes numbered each other, shewed his disappointment, that those his treacherous eyes had looked

on at its last striking, yet lived to count its sounds and his crimes together.

Before it struck another hour, that chamber was cleared of its sights of horror. The wounded, on either side, were conveyed to chambers for attendance; the dead taken to the vaults under the chapel, till proper interment could be given; and the Princes of Brunswick put in command of every thing within the palace. Eleanor was carried in the arms of him she had especially saved, to her chamber, and there received with gladness as well as consternation by her maids; who, on having found their mistress missing, and the great door of their apartments fastened on them, had remained in quiescent dismay, not daring to disturb the commanded privacy of their master.

When Eleanor recovered to sense, it was to know from the Baron, (whom George had left at her door, to bring him tidings of her restoration,) that

nothing of what she had endured during the last twelve hours had been in vain. Every valuable life then in peril, was now safe. And even the wretch Bernhard, whose blood she had supposed was on her hands, had survived the shot she thought had killed him. While standing within the deep shadows of the pillared recess in the porch, where Spielberg had placed her, the door being left open, she had witnessed, with a horror of soul that left its impression for years after, the terrific scene in the room; and seeing Bernhard enter, and aim his pistol at Prince George, she at the moment recollected that her own hand held one, put into it by Spielberg to defend herself if necessary; and with the recollection the action was prompt,—she fired, and the assassin fell. She dropt also, believing that she had now extinguished the life of a human being; destroyed a wretch with all his sins upon his head.

"And if he had so perished," replied

the veteran, rising from his seat by her couch — "you, heroic lady, would have had no more to regret, than if you had shot a tiger springing on its prey. Your hand had to chuse between the life of a virtuous Prince, and that of a villain; — and Heaven blessed your election."

He withdrew; and a sound sleep succeeding to the fatigue and emotions of the day, wearied nature gradually recovered its renovation before the sun-rise of next morning called Eleanor to prepare for her parting interview with the Princes.

CHAP. XII.

Spielberg, by the Princess's desire, preceded her noble visitors, for a little time alone. And he informed her, that after having been made masters of all that she had told him; and combining it with what they had heard from Glavitz, charging higher powers with dictating the conspiracy, in order to disable Bohemia altogether by the loss of her prime allies, the Princes had determined to dispatch an official statement of the whole to the Elector of Saxony; demanding open contradiction to the same, both from him and the Emperor; if they did not mean to affix the dishonour on themselves, by suffering so flagrant an act to pass in silence.

Eleanor shuddered, on hearing of an appeal to the Elector. "What is still to

be my fate!" cried she; "am I yet to be the doomed victim of that man! One, now doubly abhorrent, since suspected of joining in this conspiracy!" She evidently spoke her thoughts aloud unconsciously, for she wrung her hands, in the anguish of her soliloquy; and Spielberg forbore to notice them, though they did not pass unmarked.

His next intelligence appalled her still more. Bernhard, notwithstanding the bad state of his wounds, from the boiling fire in his blood, had contrived to have some communications with his kinsman Glavitz during the night; and to the astonishment of every body in the palace, when the persons appointed to attend the sick went to the apartment of the wounded Croats, they found the poor wretches dead in their beds, and Glavitz disappeared. On examination farther, Bernhard was also gone; and all the followers of Glavitz who had escaped injury by timely receiving quarter.

Spielberg observed, that only one inference could be drawn from this — that Bernhard wished to tell his own story to his employers; and so prepare them against the just appeal of the Princes. His mode of escape was difficult to explain, till the warden suggested, that though the gate was so guarded by the forester's vigilance none could pass that way, yet as the palace was not moated quite round, and the old fortifications were dilapidated in many parts, it was possible some places of egress might be known to so subtle a person as Bernhard de Saxe. The old man remarked to Mansfeldt, to whom he related the circumstance, that both Bernhard and Glavitz must have been strong enough to sit their horses, for two were missing from the stables; but the prints of their feet could not be traced any where.

This narrative overwhelmed Eleanor with the most fearful apprehensions for the future; and with trouble clouding

her beautiful brow, she gave her arm to Spielberg, to lead her into the room where she was to receive the thanks, and the adieus of the Princes.

They had previously sent the warden, with a brief account of what had occurred to the Duke of Darmstadt; and George particularly requested permission to pay his personal respects to his highness, when he would impart circumstances, indeed essential for his honour to know, but which he could not communicate through any other channel. The old Prince, hardly looking up from his crucibles, and scarcely having heard more of what was uttered than the name of the sender, answered he was too deeply engaged to admit any conference; but should always bear in mind the obligation he owed to the Prince of Luneburg. "So shut the door," said he, "and let me hear no more of the matter."

This almost insane repulsion of the noble personage who had been the pro-

tector of himself and family, and whose recent escape from a scene of more than equal danger, ought to have called for his gratulations at least; nothing of this was repeated to his daughter, to whom the whole of the party now felt they owed more than their lives; their preservation from death in all the aggravation of brutal murder, inflicted before each other's eyes.

Duke Christian had been too accustomed to wounds, to allow the present one to prevent his quitting a house immediately, to which he now must conclude he had been invited by forged documents; and therefore every thing was prepared for his instant setting out on his return into his own territory, as soon as he had paid his gratitude to the Princess.

To all present, Eleanor replied with ease and precision, as to their enquiries into the details of what she had heard between the two conspirators; and to the grateful farewells of the Duke,

Mansfeldt, and Christian of Wolfenbuttel, she smiled as fervent a benediction. But when George approached her, who alone of the party had been silent during the whole interview, his voice faltered. She did not hear what he said, and her own tongue seemed palsied likewise. He also took her hand, for the others had imprinted their adieus upon it. The hand that had saved his life! But it was not to his lips he pressed it; it was to his eyes — and the gush of a full tear from his labouring heart, was left upon it.

The door closed on the Princes — on him. "He is gone — and I shall see him no more!"

CHAP. XIII.

Future events, too well answered the conclusions many drew from the mysterious circumstances of the conspiracy of Hubertsberg. But to investigate any personal matter regarding themselves, never was suffered by the Brunswick Princes to impede their way one hour in the execution of their public duties. To prevent their timely junction with Frederick in Bohemia, had been one of Bernhard's alleged motives for the plot; and to hasten thither, was therefore the first object with Mansfeldt and his two young compeers.

Duke Christian returned to his capital. But not Spielberg to his lodge, Christian could not spare him so soon.

The earth might be said to roll back under the horses hoofs, which bore the

Princes towards Bohemia; but when they crossed the Saxon borders, the country seemed changed to them. The late smiling valleys of the Ertzeberg presenting nothing but the vestiges of fire and sword, and devastation. The hamlets lay roofless and in ashes, without an inhabitant. But soon as the well-known banners of Mansfeldt and his friends were descried from the hill tops, then the poor wretches who had fled to dens, or holes in the quarries, crept forth, naked and famishing, to meet the succour they knew would be afforded them. Children, men and women of all ages and ranks, clung to the soldiers of Brunswick, as to brothers come from afar, to rescue and bid them live. Even the perishing animals seemed to scent the generous hands ready to hold out their food, for horses and dogs followed, as if by instinct, to the same place of refuge.

Mansfeldt was in amazement at what he saw; but before long, he and his

equally wondering colleagues, received a too evident explanation. The councillors of Frederick, at variance with each other, made every necessary measure a theme of dispute; and thus the field had often been abandoned to the enemy, rather than assist in the increase of a rival's fame. By an act of this sort of jealousy Pilsen was lost; and indeed on the return of its former victor into the heart of the kingdom, he found every other place of consequence, excepting the capital itself, in the hands of the enemy. Burquoy at present held the first command, and lay yet at some considerable distance from Prague, though daily expecting an augmented force from Austria, under Tilly, to begin some attack upon the town. The people, therefore, alarmed for the public safety, kept themselves in a constant vigilance, that admitted no social meetings, and almost excluded the comforts of domestic society.

The court of Frederick, meanwhile,

no longer exhibited scenes either of royal pageantries or royal happiness. During Elizabeth's absence in the Berg fortress, the contending factions, not content with tearing the policy of the kingdom to pieces, had estranged the King from bestowing that implicit confidence in her, which formerly used to be the dearest bond between them; and now, though adoring her as a husband, he seemed to no longer regard her as a friend — a distinction to which she could never bring her soul to submit.

During most of these latter transactions, the veteran Count Thurn was lying in Moravia, in a state, from the breaking out of some old wounds, which hardly afforded any hopes of his life. Hence, when report told how near the kingdom was to losing the rest of its best protectors, in the conspiracy at Hubertsberg, the terror, and the thanksgiving for their preservation, was in every breast. The joy, therefore, may be sup-

posed, when tidings arrived at Prague, that Mansfeldt and the two Brunswick Princes were within a few days march of the capital. The city bells proclaimed the news, before the envoys from Mansfeldt could reach the palace; and they were no other than the two Brunswick Princes themselves.

The King was confined to his chamber by indisposition. But when he broke the seal of Mansfeldt's dispatch, and saw who were the heralds of this arrival, he started forward in a glad surprise to Elizabeth—for the recent danger of the Princes in the cause of Bohemia, for a time had silenced the cabal against their influence; and Frederick was left to his own feelings. "Read that," said he, to her; "and I need not bid Elizabeth greet them like a Queen!"

When she had read it, she answered with a pointed smile; "These, at least, will do their best to keep me one!" and her eye turned on Hohenloe, whose jea-

lousy of the Prince of Anhalt had occasioned the loss of Pilsen. The count frowned; and Elizabeth left the room, to prepare for receiving her two noble cousins, before their admission to her husband.

But when she entered the room of usual reception, and saw the ladies all in waiting, according to the common etiquette of that chamber, she shrunk and retreated, waving her hand to Isabel de Vere to follow her. She obeyed; and Elizabeth passing hastily through the intervening gallery, turned into a small private room, where she sometimes retired to read. She had called it her *Little England*, having fitted it up with books and furniture entirely from her native country. Here, too, were the pictures of her family; and its single large window commanded a magnificent view over the city to the distant mountains, then appearing like an aërial country, melting in the pure ether of the azure heavens. The evening

was yet in the full light of day, but the vesper star was in the sky; and that star told her a different tale, when seen from that window than from any other. She thought those distant hills resembled some she had seen in England, in one of her excursions with her brother; and sometimes, while sitting in that little chamber alone, she has mused of the past, till forgetting where she was, and what she was, she stretched forth her arms, in an agony of remembrance, to those hills, and exclaimed, "Days that are gone, will ye never return? England, home of my youth, how are you left desolate! He sleeps in the grave, that made it home to me—and I see you no more!"

Such were the thoughts which indeed possessed her, when she now entered the English chamber.

"Isabel," said she, "I cannot receive my cousin in the parade of that room; my heart, at present, has nothing of

royal state within it." And seating herself in a chair, she leaned her head upon her hand, with her eyes fixed on Prince Henry's picture.

"But is it right," replied her friend, "for the Queen of Bohemia to hail the champion of her cause, with the omen of looks like a captive."

"And am I not a captive, in this threatened capital?" demanded the Queen; "and so to meet George of Luneburg, whose life has already been in peril on that account! I can hold a court, and smile with a breaking heart, when my husband's dignity commands it—but then it is a court. Here, I am Elizabeth, as nature gave me to the world; full of memories of what yon brother made me—aye, memories! For what a gulph appears between what Elizabeth of England was, and that which Elizabeth of Bohemia really is! Sometimes I do not know myself—a pageant, like a gay plumaged bird proud of its feathers!—

I, who could have lived — but no more of that —" cried she, starting from her seat. " I *am* Queen of Bohemia, and have its duties to perform. I will not meet my cousin in this apartment."

But this change of her mind was too late. A page, according to the order which Isabel had given him only a few minutes before, just then opened the door, and announced the Prince of Luneburg.

A film seemed to pass over Elizabeth's eyes, immediately on recognizing the well-known features of the Prince, in his advance from the portal. She had not seen him since their parting at Sion House, and the chasm of time and place seemed now to close. She was Elizabeth of England again — the friend of her brother was before her! And with a cry of troubled joy, she stretched her arms towards him; George flew forward, and received her on his bosom. There Elizabeth wept, while the name that oftenest

murmured from her lips, was that of him who never again in this world would answer to her voice; whose dear fraternal heart would never again so throb against her's — and her sobs interrupting the aimless call, she hung on George, as if he were a part of him she deplored.

Wolfenbuttel, who had accompanied his cousin to the door of the apartment, both having understood they were to be admitted together, had almost started in before him, when he saw her; believing it was the Lady Isabel de Vere, standing alone in the midst of the room. But in that very instant George rushed forward; he beheld her clasped in his arms, he heard her sobs — but he saw no more; for the real Isabel de Vere laid her hand gently on his arm, and drew him away. "Pardon me, sir," said she, "but these minutes are sacred to the memory of our beloved Prince. When that is over, the Queen will see your highness also, as another

dear kinsman, — so likely, lately, to have shed his blood for her!" The voice was not quite so steady, that uttered this last part of her apology.

Christian, who had mechanically obeyed the impulse of her hand, stood by her in the ante-chamber, evidently not hearing one-half of what she said; then suddenly bursting from the silence into which he had been cast as one thunderstruck, he ejaculated, "The Queen! Do you mean to say, madam, that she I saw this moment is not the Lady Isabel de Vere?"

"I wish," replied the other, smiling through a tear yet trembling in her eye, "that I could present a fairer proof to the assertion, that when that name is called, I must answer it."

Christian gazed on her. Isabel smiled still more, and wiped her dewy eye-lash with her finger, *rose-tipped like the morn.* He remembered that such had belonged

to the little coxcomb, her brother; and in the mood he was in, he did not affect her the more for the resemblance.

"It is true, Prince," resumed she, "the Queen had done me the honour to borrow my cognizance, when you did her the knightly service of conducting her, *sans peril*, to the Berg tower. And may I repeat, that her most dear cousin of Luneburg, being brought here equally unscathed from the dangers of Hubertsberg, will not be the least of her obligations to your highness!"

"Indeed?" returned Christian, with a look of scorn. "Her cousin of Wolfenbuttel is obliged to her Majesty!" And turning away, he stood proudly frowning, and gazing out of the window. The Lady Isabel took her seat near a little table, and drawing out some netting from a bag that lay on it, began quietly to amuse herself with working, till her royal mistress might give intimation she needed her attendance.

At last the door of the English chamber opened, and Prince George issued from it, with those traces round his eyes, which shewed the interview had been far from one of unmixed pleasure. "Lady Isabel," said he, "the Queen requires you. When she is ready to receive us, I will present my cousin." Isabel disappeared into the room, and George advanced to Wolfenbuttel.

"Christian," said he, "I have had a sad half hour with Elizabeth; but have at last left her with a smile on her lovely face. She tells me, she is your Lady Isabel."

"*My* Lady Isabel!" retorted Wolfenbuttel, his eyes flashing fire, and turning on George, as if he had trod on a lion. "*Your* Lady Elizabeth! Any thing! Such masquerading is beneath the dignity of woman—and when we find it in majesty—contempt alone can be the consequence!" He flung away as he spoke.

"Nay!" cried George, who knew enough of his kinsman, to be aware that something else than the mere assumption of another character by their royal cousin, must have chafed him to run this tilt against her. "How can you blame a concealment from necessity?"

"I blame her words, her looks, herself in toto! and say, she ought to wear a veil, and hold her tongue in matronly subjection, while wandering from her husband. Indeed, were I he, George —" he coloured — stopped — then added, "But she is Queen of Bohemia, and nothing to me."

George could have been indignant at the insinuation contained in one part of this retort. But he knew the present mood of his friend, was more from temper than the heart — something as regardless of reason, while it lasted, as the raging wind — therefore, forbearing to irritate it by further argument, he turned to the window Wolfenbuttel had left; musing

within himself on the imperfections of the best of us; and at the towering resentment he should excite in the breast of his proud yet noble cousin, were he to say, "Christian, I now pity you! Remember your boast! Pull out your legion of devils,—and be in all things worthy of yourself!"

The objects of his thoughts, meanwhile, sat wreaking the irritation of his wrath on the unfortunate work the Lady Isabel had left upon the table. His feelings were all at war: with Elizabeth, for having wrested herself from him at once; as the object he could have adored; for having even as a wife, and before his very eyes, shewed a warmth of tenderness for a kinsman not nearer to her than himself, in a way which stung his soul with envy; and lastly, that her most animated feeling with regard to him was gratitude, for having brought that kinsman safe to her, from a peril that equally involved himself — that thought was madness!

And for the moment, he felt he detested Elizabeth; and George he wished he had never seen!

All these meditations passed in a few minutes; for within the lapse of a quarter of an hour after the Lady Isabel had withdrawn, she re-appeared to say, the Queen was ready to receive her guests.

George, affecting not to observe the steadiness with which his friend maintained his seat, called to him, "Wolfenbuttel, we are summoned."

"Where my first visit, shall be my last!" returned he, as rising from the chair into which he had cast himself, he threw the netting back upon the table, rent and knotted in all directions by his exasperated twisting of the needles. Isabel took it up as he was passing, and muttered to herself, "My brother shall claim his glove for this!"

Christian looked round, and observed a thousand playful graces in the smile that accompanied the remark. "I will

not shrink from the challenge!" retorted he; "and did I not believe your whole sex the very daughters of Eve, his sister might find him armour in those meshes."

"Her land was paradise — my ancestors date from another country," replied Isabel. "Hence Joselyne may wear my colours. Where would your highness strike them?—for I cannot promise their striking to you?"

"On the head of my antagonist, as the most assailable part," returned he. "But were I to chuse my aim on the weaver of the web, it might be spread a little nearer the pulse of life. Yet, she must change her name, ere I could have pleasure in the contest!"

"And if her name be never pleasant in the ears of the Prince of Wolfenbuttel until then," retorted Isabel, her countenance altering, "your highness has small chance of finding it agreeable. But it is not the first time, that of Percy de Vere has sounded harshly in the ears of a chal-

lenger! And wishing him more gentleness with the gentle, I have the honour to pay your highness my *benison* and to withdraw." She curtseyed, with a lofty smile on her beautiful lip, and left the room.

"There! all here are Elizabeth's disciples!" muttered he, looking scornfully after her — "vain and insolent!"

George did not chuse to hear him, and proceeded towards the royal apartment. With a haughty step the other followed him, and entered the room with his eyes proudly cast to the ground. He would not pay her conscious beauty even the compliment of looking at it; feeling, perhaps, one reasonable cause of offence against his royal kinswoman, in her having so needlessly held that avowal in reserve, when she accepted his escort to her place of temporary refuge. But to preserve that lofty coldness he found impossible, when she spoke.

She had advanced to meet him. "Cousin of Wolfenbuttel," said she, as if she

could read his thoughts, "you will pardon a want of confidence on my part, when we first met, in consideration that it has been grievously punished since. The pang is yet here, of the anticipated regret I should have endured, had you fallen at Hubertsberg a victim to our cause, and still been ignorant of the gratitude you left in this bosom for your first protection."

Her's was indeed the *voice of the charmer*. He took the hand she presented, and touched it with his lips. The moment before, he had resolved not to pay her that homage of usual respect; but to be roughly resentful to Elizabeth in her presence, was impossible to any man. Yet it was not less in his heart; for he thought on the wide distinction between the courtly presentation of that royal hand; and the embrace — "ah, how familiarly!" — with which she had greeted George from those very dangers she had named to him in the phrase of

compliment. But in allowing himself to look on her, his passions again passed the Rubicon. His eyes were irresistibly drawn to her face, and there the fascination maddened him. Every smile — or alteration of those matchless features, in sad presage, or glowing hope of the result of this campaign; so awfully commenced by the conspiracy, and preservation at Hubertsberg — so fearfully marked in Bohemia, by the ravages in the country and the apprehensions of its capital — all rivetted his gaze, and made him feel he looked on the loveliest creature on earth; and one, too, whose treasure of sensibility pouring itself out in such abundant tender pathos on kindred, friends, and husband, called him to think, what would it be, if all were concentered on one happy heart! But did it so shine on Frederick? he asked himself. No. Even in her present conversation with George, which in parts might indeed be more frankly confidential than her judgment would afterwards

sanction, he heard her gently lament her husband's quiescent regard to existing circumstances at one time, and his rash impatience at another. Then she spoke of his aptitude to be influenced from even points nearest his heart, by the traversing jealousies of others; and lately, his almost captious suspicion of any species of advice from the quarter whence he once most courted it.

Christian, as he listened, said to himself, "Would Elizabeth say all this, if Frederick were the object of the love such a woman must be capable of feeling? Such love, if not veiling her own eyes from discerning these defects, would at least seal her lips from revealing them to others. But should necessity ever compel the disclosure, then it would be *more in sorrow than in anger!*" Christian's watchful eye had observed that polished brow often shaded by a hovering frown, while she thus enumerated her present causes of distress. But when she re-

marked on the probable remedy to all this, in the opportune arrival of Mansfeldt and her cousins of Brunswick, the smile of the whole countenance turned then, from the face of George in full as much sweetness upon Wolfenbuttel's self.

The grateful import of this look, and the inference drawn from her discourse, were fatal observations; and every interview with her afterwards, during the three days they staid at Prague, arranging military proceedings with the King, all added to the effect. Christian left that city a different man from what he entered it. Even with an ambition to make himself in her eyes all that her husband was not; and forcing her, by the splendour and nature of his actions to draw the comparison, he thought, could he but read in that expressive countenance, one wish that such had been her choice, it would be a triumph, for which he resolved to contend, till he won it, or were no more.

But this was an enterprize that hid its head from George. And when the wondering gaze of that ingenuous friend, all purity in the purposes of his unsullied soul, turned at times on his absorbed companion as they rode along, he could not in any way understand the language of his countenance. All that was there was new, or differently modified. It shewed, indeed, the flushings which ever accompanied his meditations upon achievement. But then the brow, open as his honour, wore not a curve; his eye flashed the noble purpose of his soul; and his lips declared it to his friend, with the impulsive interchange of brotherhood in arms, when it was matured for action. But now, his flushed countenance, working indeed with some growing enterprize, shewed in every disturbed feature, that more than one passion mingled in the inspiration; and that it was of a nature not to be communicated; for he turned his head, or dropped his eyes to the

ground, whenever they caught the glance of Luneburg.

Such is the difference between the aims of the same action. To a great point, it ennobles — to an inferior one, it sinks the mind with the purpose; but when virtue would blush to shew the object, then the brightest career becomes dark, and its glories are lost in the end.

CHAP. XIV.

The first movement in the King's plan for the campaign, was the recovery of Pilsen; but his military council in Prague cast so many obstacles in the way of Mansfeldt, who was to lead the enterprize, that himself and his two coadjutors felt themselves obliged to cast more on the fortune of war, than they usually were inclined to do; and without the promised aids from the King, they attacked the place. After three successive assaults, in which the Brunswick soldiers fought their way into the fortress inch by inch, the magazine blew up, and laid that quarter of the town in ruins. The carnage was frightful in consequence; the loss of brave men on both sides prodigious. George and Wolfenbuttel, who had each led on a separate division in the at-

tack, were covered with the garb of the horrors through which they had struggled their way. But Wolfenbuttel, whose eye, like the hunter who spurs to one point, had never swerved from the pinnacle of the tower, where the colours of Ferdinand mocked the crown of Frederick; he was the first who mounted that bastion, and tearing them down, raised those of Elizabeth's husband in their place, while he preserved the rent flag, to be laid as his first trophy at her feet.

The remains of so intrepid a garrison, on its surrender, were allowed to march out with the honours of war. To press a yoke upon the brave, was not Mansfeldt's mode of triumph; and these men had sustained their post in a manner to command the respect of their enemies.

The poor inhabitants of the town seemed to repeat the same scenes as those in the Ertzeberg, crowding to the sides of the Prince's horses, imploring blessings on the arms which so de-

livered them from foreign tyrants. The tale many might have told, was seen in their haggard looks and squalid garments. All had been pillaged, while their conquerors, revelling in the waste, denied even its refuse to keep the heretics from perishing.

"What we have suffered," cried they, "must have been the fate of Prague also, whither we sent our families on the first threats on our town, had not heaven thus brought our old commanders to our rescue."

But the news of this success seemed only the trumpet to rally all the enemies of Bohemia to cross her borders. Tilly pressed forward from the Lower Bavaria, to join Burquoy on the Eger; and Walstein, a new imperial general, accomplished in the fields of Italy, brought up in rapid march the long expected veteran army from the North of Munich. Thus, indeed, was the kingdom beset; but the hands which came to its succour,

were clearing its vitals of the mischief.

Mansfeldt repossessed himself of the whole line of posts, from Pilsen to the Moravian frontier; and George marched southward, with his own brave Luneburghers mixed with his guerillas of the East, to watch, harass, and impede the advance of Walstein.

Wolfenbuttel, meanwhile, had carried the news of the recovery of Pilsen into Prague; and laying the keys of the fortress on the King's table, turned to the Queen, who was alone with Frederick when he arrived, and placed the Austrian eagle at her feet. Elizabeth, with a kindling cheek, that lit her eyes up with an almost insufferable brightness, set her foot upon it.

"Christian!" cried she, "for well does your noble career deserve to share that name with the hero of Christendom, think Elizabeth thanks, for she cannot utter them."

Mansfeldt, in his dispatch, had written a summary detail of the desperate gallantry with which the Prince had mounted the breach to the dislodging of these colours; and this letter the King had given her to read, while he discoursed with her kinsman on the more general circumstances of the affair. Christian's heart bounded at her words, and he looked down, not trusting the exultation his eyes might have told. But there was one who sat in a recess, writing for the Queen, and who was forgotten as being in the presence, who saw and marked their fires, before his caution had concealed them.

Frederick presented his intrepid ally with the order of Bohemia from his own neck; when Elizabeth, pleased at the prompt act of royal gratitude, with a look of animated tenderness to her husband, which, if directed to Wolfenbuttel, would have brought him upon his knees—laid down the Austrian colours before him—

saying they should be the carpet of his throne.

"They should have been under the footstool of your's," returned he, "had I gained them myself! — But I should have won my crown, before I put it on my head; and then my kingdom would have been my own. Now, that I have a seat in it — for it is hardly a throne — is the gift of Mansfeldt, of the Princes of Brunswick! — And so I am a king of alms."

He rose, and asked Wolfenbuttel to proceed with him to the council. Elizabeth, pale, and with tears springing to her eyes, turned away. Her impetuous cousin's boiling blood was now in a blaze, and laying his hand rather heavily on the arm of the King, he abruptly said — "Your kingdom, royal sir, cannot be more your own, than when brave men, who hold its safety the cause of Christendom, rally to protect it. But if the obligation be too burthensome to the

King of Bohemia, think that we fight for the country, not the King, and this honourable guerdon returns to the hand that gave it."

Frederick turned his large and usually benignant eyes earnestly on the resentful face of the Prince. "Kinsman of her, who is dearer to me than any crown," said he, in a voice of the most affecting appeal — "were you in my place — were you what I am, a king without power — caged, mocked with the titles of majesty. But I need not tell you what I am — the brave Wolfenbuttel would not bear more calmly than myself, to be eclipsed in her sight in all things — but his love," — and turning instantly towards Elizabeth, clasped her weeping to his breast.

In that moment the impassioned Prince seemed to forget his offended pride, his aimless vanity; and recalled to his former better self, a dew passed over his own eyes, and with reverence

for the sacred bond which linked those hearts in one, he retired to the vestibule, to await there the King's joining him for the council-room.

The debates at that board, unravelled much to Wolfenbuttel of the causes which had influenced the strange inconsistencies of Frederick's proceedings towards him and his colleagues. And here in a council, where the lives and deaths of thousands might hang on a thwarted opinion, his highly-talented judgment was clear as the day. Here, he suffered no rivalries, no crossing sentiment whatever, to trench in his mind on the business of the meeting; and with a calmed temper, yet an ardour that spoke the experienced, and determined soldier in every word, he attempted to stem the torrent that would have opposed Mansfeldt being the commander-in-chief of Bohemia.

Who so well as he, knew every pass and field, and resource of the country? Who had so often saved it from its ene-

mies! Who so regarded by its people, who hailed him as their defender indigenous to the soil.

Some, in contradiction to all this, proposed the Prince of Anhalt; others, Count Hohenloe; some, George of Luneburg; and others, insidiously, Wolfenbuttel himself. His answers to both these latter propositions, were in one.

"We too well know our duties to ourselves, and to our country," returned he, "to accept any command that would take the bâton from the best general in Europe. Mansfeldt is our commander in Bohemia! let who will command for themselves."

The issue was, Mansfeldt being pronounced head of the Bohemian armies, during the pleasure of his Majesty; but hampered with the royal wish that Count Hohenloe should be put in charge of the divisions which formed the protection of Prague. Anhalt refused to hold a post under any command but the King's,

and with disdain turned from that of the Count. Wolfenbuttel, however, having gained his object, left these rivals, with their different partisans, to fight their most signal battles in the royal chamber; and made the best of his own way to the head-quarters of the new commander-in-chief.

But the greater the activity of the Brunswick Princes, and their gallant leader, in every measure to preserve the kingdom, the more determined were their opponents in the capital, to traverse all their designs; and the storm of parties, at last broke out with such vehemence in the councils of the city, and the cabinet of the palace, that Frederick, in a moment of desperation, threatened to abdicate and leave the kingdom as he found it, unless the dispositions he had made were suffered to go on.

While these tumults lasted, nothing that was promised Mansfeldt in the shape of necessary arms and ammunition

and other provision, were provided him; and the enemy began to pour into the kingdom at all quarters, before he could bring forward one battalion of the King's own troops to face them any where.

George, still covering the country to the South, had been promised a reinforcement of three thousand men from Prague, with Albert Hohenloe, a son of the Count's, at their head. With this accession, the Prince of Luneburg would have found himself strong enough to have held Walstein's advance in check in the defiles of Griemsberg, till Mansfeldt had completed his lines for the defence of the interior of the kingdom; and so afford liberty of action to the chief of his force, against the double approach of the imperialists. But neither Hohenloe nor his troops appeared, and Walstein coming on in formidable divisions, George began to see the necessity for a retreat, a word he had never yet given; and aware the retrograde step ill agrees

either with the spirit or the discipline of a soldier, he determined to qualify the measure by clearing the ground a little in his path. Hence he summoned his council of war, and proposed an attempt on Walstein's advanced guard, it being so disposed as to threaten some difficulties in the way of his meditated falling back upon Budweitz. He suggested making the attack on the following evening, the anniversary of the Emperor's name-day, which generally terminated throughout the Austrian legions in a deep carousal. The plan was laid, before the council separated; for unanimity of judgment, guided by the one principle of disinterested zeal in the cause, seemed to reign every where in the Brunswick camps.

The attack was therefore made, and carried; and before the tidings reached Walstein, George had made his gallant march towards the shelter of the Budweitz lines; his men in high spirits, and

no inconsiderable load of spoil and regimental colours, bearing them company as trophies.

But this brilliant action, paralleled with others of the same honour to the Brunswick troops, performed by Wolfenbuttel in completing the chain of posts towards the western frontier, the divisions in Prague, and the blunders, if not the jealous treacheries of the King's generals, seemed likely to render abortive. Mansfeldt was obliged to send to all quarters at his own personal expense, and that of his two young colleagues, for the necessary means, the royal agents yet withheld; and the consequence was, that in spite of all his endeavours, Tilly and Burquoy affected their junction. The former, in his way to the Eger, cut the little army to pieces which Albert Hohenloe commanded, and which he had preferred holding in a kind of parade duty in the neighbourhood of the capital, to obeying the orders his Majesty had

implied, that he should join Luneburg on the southern frontier. Mansfeldt, on being informed of the advance of Tilly towards the station of the young man, had sent him the information, with an order that he should fall back within the cover of his father's camp. But the very command excited the audacity of Albert to dare an encounter with a powerful detachment of the Austrian general, and in a situation too, where nothing less than a miracle could have saved him from utter annihilation under the overwhelming force of the enemy. The natural consequence ensued, and the discomfited leader fled with his miserable remnant to the shelter he ought to have sought at the first with his whole little array. Count Hohenloe, more alarmed for his son's favour with the King, than impressed with a proper adherence to his duty, immediately passed incognito into Prague; and his arts were not long in persuading Frederick into doubts, at

least, of Mansfeldt's love of fame, being not more disinterested, than that which then rent his own council of war into as many divisions as there were commanders. Hohenloe represented, that Mansfeldt's personal envy of the estimation in which he, the Count, was held by his Majesty, had stimulated him to a base withholding of all support from Albert in the inevitable attack, for so he represented it to have been. Frederick was more easily prevailed upon to credit this misrepresentation, backed by the invidious commentaries of others in the council, from his having just received a remonstrance from Mansfeldt on the late neglect shewn to all his orders by the royal generals; accompanying it with a strong but respectful intimation, that if his resources were not more promptly produced, and his commands also, better attended to, by those nominally under his direction, the responsibility he held in the eyes of Europe, without the power

of effecting its expectations, must compel him to request of the King of Bohemia, to allow him rather to take a part that he could maintain at his own cost, than continue answerable for all, and so prevented performing any duty.

The old Prince of Anhalt was present, who in former days having conceived an enmity against the brave Pierre of Mansfeldt, was now very ready to revenge it on his son; and hastily remarked — "This man threatens your majesty. Take him at his word. Confine his meagre duty to the care of Pilsen; and when he falls again into his due rank, my ten thousand Silesians, now lying beyond the Muldau, shall soon be supported in their march towards Prague with as many more!"

Frederick, urged, flattered, intimidated, wrote to this effect to Mansfeldt, and with his own hand; importing the royal thanks for his past most signal services, but subscribing to the prudence, at this critical juncture, of uniting all

his friends, by maintaining an equal confidence amongst them. Therefore he relieved him from the responsibility he deprecated ; but gratefully implied, that his arm could best defend the great pass of the kingdom at Pilsen ; and from it direct the Queen's two gallant cousins, in the similar course they were to pursue.

This letter was given to Count Hohenloe to dispatch ; but neither he nor his son thought its contents sufficiently limited the power they wished to trammel ; and they soon came to the resolution to substitute another in its place ; which the ready pen of Albert could conform exactly to the writing of the King. The stile of this epistle ran as follows :

"His majesty the King of Bohemia, being fully sensible to the weight of his obligations to Count Mansfeldt, relieves that general of the load he at present sustains in support of his majesty's seat

in the kingdom, by bearing the title of commander-in-chief. Such responsibility, therefore, on that general's part, is no more. And any other responsibility which Count Mansfeldt may hereafter deem too much for him, the King of Bohemia would be equally happy to remove to the head of any other officer. Meanwhile, as commander-in-chief of his own armies, his Majesty would wish Count Mansfeldt to maintain his own head-quarters at Pilsen; and that the Princes of Brunswick will hold it their duty to keep on the same line."

This letter was delivered to Mansfeldt, at the moment a detachment from Pilsen had succeeded in bringing in a large convoy of ammunition, intercepted near the western frontier.

"Here," said he to George, who happened then to enter, "is the triumph of yon camp faction, over the common sense of Frederick! And I am much

mistaken, if some there, do not deliver him, bound hand and foot, into the clutch of his enemies!"

George read the letter. — "Jealousy," cried he, "from first to last! His doom seems indeed sealed. We have only to look to our own honours, and see that Elizabeth does not perish in the destruction."

"My honour," returned Mansfeldt sternly, "shall not share the wreck, by any conjunction with these men. If the vessel sink, and we have a plank for Frederick, and his family, I am ready to bear my hand to their service. But till then, Prince, I resist the asking of your eyes, for an attempt at expostulation. It would not now be understood; and I should degrade myself before these men, without benefiting the cause for which I had so bowed myself. Here then, is my station."

"And Wolfenbuttel, and myself too, are banished from the royal presence!"

repeated George, reading over the last sentence. What can this mean ?"

"What yourself explained," returned Mansfeldt, — "jealousy. But we may lie upon our arms, and watch the game."

The effect of this torpedo stroke on the Brunswick colleagues, was soon felt throughout the kingdom. Their activity laid to sleep, or at least denied the power to act according to their former vigilance, seemed to have left the country an automaton without a soul; and the enemy were not long in estimating the advantages opened to them. Burquoy, laughingly proposed to Tilly, to send the cordon of the golden fleece to the Prague generals, for their good service to the Emperor Ferdinand; and marching with all speed, came suddenly in front of the advance of Count Hohenloe. The Prince of Anhalt had just arrived, with his promised accessions; and the King also, having been persuaded to accompany

his highness, to be present, though unknown, at the general review of so fine a body of collected troops.

The consternation, therefore, was proportionably great, when on the morning after his Majesty's arrival, the out-posts brought in accounts of the new position of the enemy; and that by their glasses, the army of the league appeared to reach from one horizon to the other; Austrians, Bavarians, Italians, Spaniards, and the Styrian battalion with its hordes of Croats and Pandours, appeared a countless multitude to the panic eyes which brought the information; but the real number of this advance amounted to about fifty thousand men.

Proper means were then taken to ascertain the facts; and the result augmented the confusion in the royal military council.

"We are a drop of water to such a host!" ejaculated Hohenloe; "and the artillery as described, is sufficient to

sweep Prague itself into the depths of the Muldau."

Some timid spirits, encouraged by this remark, ventured to suggest the wisdom of the King, now so near the spot, opening some terms of negociation with the Austrian."

"Negociate, for what?" replied Frederick; "we cannot divide a crown And the possession of mine, I will hold till my death."

Young Hohenloe, with two or three more of the generals under his father, were eager for risking an immediate battle; to die, they said, in the same spirit with their King—while his entire kingdom might yet be their grave. This was a gasconade, which nothing but the comparative inexperience of those who proposed it, could excuse. But Frederick, who saw the danger he was in, and though resolved to breast it like a king whenever the moment should demand it, with a melancholy smile, answered them,

"No, my brave friends. I must not throw away the lives of any of you in such a forlorn hope. But would not Mansfeldt——"

"Betray us," cried Anhalt," in revenge for our not having beseeched your Majesty, to woo his retention of the bâton over us all! — One of his own staff told me the other day, that he affects to consider himself another Achilles, banished by Agamemnon from the walls of Troy; and boasts, that those who rejected him, will yet have to beg his succour, in a train of suppliants. — Perhaps he expects the Queen at their head."

A flush of wounded pride, a pang of tenderness for the peculiar situation of that Queen, went through Frederick's heart; yet if such were the case as now represented, he felt he would sooner perish than bend to the pride of Mansfeldt. And for her kinsmen, when their names dropped from his agitated lips, he was reminded of his own impressions, on

their never having appeared in Prague, since their haughty commander had been deprived of his Bohemian supremacy. A proof to Frederick, that he and Elizabeth were indeed but secondary objects with these brave, but estranged friends. Being totally unconscious to the terms which had so harshly, and ungratefully repaid their service, by a positive exclusion from his capital, his own offended dignity rose again, on these false remembrances, from the vehement speakers around him.

But while these dissensions, misrepresentations, and wordy protestations, raged in the ear of the distracted Frederick, there did not want a channel from his inmost councils, to impart the whole to Tilly. And there being but one mind and one aim between him and Burquoy, nothing was needed but to place the arrow in the bow, and draw it to the point, to strike at once the centre of the target!"

Meanwhile, the accounts Elizabeth

heard, as brought in from the amazed peasantry, flocking in crowds within the lines of Prague, filled her with apprehensions for her husband. None knew of his absence, but herself and the privy council. And too well aware of the violent and inefficient men, to whom he had confided his own safety in the camp, and that of his people in the town, she felt no comfort in turning to any of his ministers, to assuage her fears. While Frederick continued in security within the walls of his capital, however her heart yearned towards her brave cousins, and however her judgment had deplored the measures the King had been influenced to take against their honoured coadjutor, and finally against themselves, still as a wife, her duty was to submit. But now that her husband was absent, and in danger, her first duty was to provide for his safety to the best of her judgment; and that suggested only one means in which she could place any confidence. To dis-

patch some trusty messenger to the Princes of Brunswick, then lying on their arms with Mansfeldt at Pilsen, with information of all she knew of the late cabals at Prague; and to conjure one or both of her brave cousins, for her sake at least, to approach the camp that contained her husband, and with an adequate force, watch his safe return to his capital.

To confide this intention to the council, she durst not, for they were mostly in the interest of the enemies of Mansfeldt; and in her extremity, in the desperation of the moment, she exclaimed, " I would assume any disguise — I would go myself, were it not," added she, bursting into tears, " that I bear about me the wretched heir, perhaps, of all this mockery of royalty! Yes, I would walk, a pilgrim to the camp of our in-insulted Mansfeldt, (for at the best his dismission from his high post was insult,)

and implore his assistance for my misguided Frederick."

Isabel de Vere, to whom this was uttered in the bitter anguish of her mistress's heart, threw her arms about her knees. "Accept my services," cried she, "I have a Percy's courage in a cause like this. Give me but a couple of honest Bohemians, well armed, to ride on each side of your page. And I will answer tó bring back a guard of brave Brunswickers, and a Prince at their head."

"Not here, dearest Isabel!" cried the Queen. "They must march to the banks of the Eger; and if they bring my husband safe — Oh, power of Heaven!" cried she, clasping her hands in pious energy; "if it be thy mercy, save me from the horror of surviving my husband in this direful contest!"

Isabel drew near her mistress, for she sat pale and trembling; gasping, as if

already seized with mortal pangs. Elizabeth grasped her hand. "You do not know," said she, hurryingly, and with a wild glare in her now tearless eyes, "that it was my persuasions that decided his acceptance of this fatal crown. But for my ambition to be a queen — an arbitress in Europe — my gentle Frederick would now have been seated in the peaceful inheritance of his electoral dominions; and in tranquil comfort I might have borne the child, which now may wake to life without a father. Oh, Isabel — this is the second time I have felt, there may be consolation for every thing but self-accusation!"

Isabel tried her utmost to console the bitter anguish of her mistress; which having once broken its flood-gates, shook her tender frame with a violence that alarmed her faithful attendant with a thousand apprehensions. But at last, having soothed her sufficiently to be

allowed permission to summon the Lady de Vere to a more adequate assistance, Isabel retired to her own chamber; and returning in the garb of Joselyne once again, Elizabeth then threw her arms around her neck, and smiling in her agony. "Go!" cried she; "after this, we are no more mistress and servant. Daughter of Percy, Elizabeth Plantagenet claims you as her sister!"

CHAP. XV.

It was at the uprise of the moon, when Isabel mounted on a fleet courser, and guarded between her two stout cavaliers, who knew no other than that they escorted the Queen's page, passed through the barriers of Prague. But neither starry heavens, counselling that peace to earth, which man affrighted far away; nor yet the long stretch of tranquil landscape, yet lying in the repose of night, lit by the distant camp fires; — one nor other called off the attention of Isabel from her onward speed; till about the dawn of morning she descried the dark towers of Pilsen, marking the horizon. The mists of autumn hung around them; but as she advanced with the opening day, the departing shadows drew off amongst the impending clouds.

She stopped at the barrier-gate; and the royal seal of Elizabeth, affixed to the packet she carried, instantly admitted her to the presence of Mansfeldt; for he was one of those regular men of service, who, whether in garrison or in the field, never pressed his pillow after the dawn of day.

The veteran read nothing in the account of Elizabeth, he might not have expected, from the almost mutinous councils to which Frederick had resigned his judgment. But his indignation was not the less inflamed against the selfish purposes of the men, who had so precipitated the sovereign who trusted them. Frederick's unworthy note to himself, he had long pardoned, and, it must be owned, he despised. But the latter sentiment, his respect for Elizabeth, and his reverence for the cause of which her husband was the ostensible head, made him hold in his own bosom.

While he was questioning the young

page on certain details in the Queen's account of the King's situation, with a view to judge the best means of fulfilling her wishes, and she had referred the Count to this confidential messenger, the Prince of Wolfenbuttel entered.—Who having just been told that a dispatch from the Queen at Prague had arrived, immediately hastened to learn its purport.

George was not then in the fortress; having been some days at his own more stationary post, on the flank of the line, towards the Austrian frontier. And that he was not to share whatever might be this embassage from Elizabeth, gave an emotion of joy to the breast of his kinsman, for which the latter might perhaps have been ashamed, had he stopped to ask the reason why. But, hurrying without further thought, to the side of the table, near which Mansfeldt had made the page sit down, he abruptly asked what had happened?

"That will tell you," replied his commander, putting the letter into his hand. He read it with a glance of lightning.

"Give me the adventure," cried he, at once. "I will bring him off, were he in the jaws of the dragon; but it is *alles för Gott an sie*,* as my banner shall declare. For Frederick's self! a poor soul-devoted captive to these treacherous half-faced friends, our cause's most inveterate enemies — he might perish in the snare, for me or any man!"

"Prince!" cried Mansfeldt, glancing at the page, who the other, in the burst of his vehement indignation, had forgotten. The youth's back was to Wolfenbuttel, who instantly recollecting himself, in a lowered key begged pardon for his heat, yet rather indiscreetly remarked, that all who knew the circum-

* "All for God and her," the impresse with which this young Prince really declared his homage for the royal Elizabeth.

stances, must think as he did, though few might be equally frank in declaring it.

Mansfeldt had watched the effect of the first speech, in the colouring face of the messenger (whose comprehensive replies, in so young a boy, had previously astonished him), and now he observed a smile, almost of satire, fluttering on his ruby lip, at this ill-assorted apology.

"Young Percy," said the veteran, you have hitherto answered like a good soldier. You must now understand the prime duty of a diplomatist — to keep that secret you hear, which if repeated, could only throw wild-fire between friends."

At this address Wolfenbuttel stood gazing in dumb amazement on the bent down head of the page, still seated with his back to him.

"My lord," returned the seeming youth, "I love my mistress too well, ever to repeat to her, what would give her pain; and honour my royal master

too sincerely, to bring the brightness of his reputation into question, by such a report.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Wolfenbuttel, starting round, and catching the page by the hand; "this can never be my little Joselyne!—A soldier—a diplomatist—and one to give so shrewd a reply to my gasconade! By St. Blase himself, this is a miracle!"

Isabel smiled. "Even so, my lord." And Christian's indignation at Frederick, and animated enthusiasm for his Queen, gave way to a burst of laughter, which amazed Mansfeldt, and the more, from the page almost irresistibly joining in it himself.

"Why, what is all this comedy?" enquired he. "Am I to hail it as a good, as well as merry omen, in the midst of our distressful drama?"

Isabel bowed with a blush to the veteran. "The Prince," said she, "meeting me in attendance on my mistress, paid

me the compliment of considering me a fool; and finding your excellency holds me in more honourable opinion, thus salutes the prodigy in its metamorphose."

Mansfeldt smiled; then calling an attendant, to provide the young Percy de Vere refreshment after his journey, the two commanders turned their sole attention to the business of the message. It was soon determined, that the Prince, at the head of a chosen troop, with some of his voltigeurs on the look-out, should lie in wait for the return of Frederick, in that part of the beleaguered country most likely to present danger; but only in the case of such being offered, should the Prince shew himself.

Mansfeldt then summoned the page, to hear the result; and having explained it to him, Wolfenbuttel abruptly rejoined, "Now, you see our plan. I like your mettle well enough to challenge you to a noble redemption of your glove. Share

the honour of your master's rescue. For depend on it, he is too near the enemy to escape without a brush."

Joselyne turned pale, yet smiled; and in a voice not quite so easy as before, answered, "I don't know how my mistress would like it."

"Do you think she would cry sadly, were you to lose a hand or a foot, in exchange for her husband's life?" asked Wolfenbuttel in a tone of mischief, on reading the sudden fear which had instantly blanched the young page's cheek. "Come, go with me," continued he, in a more serious voice; "and I will teach you to act the soldier, as well as my general here, says you can talk it. I will teach you to be a man, and an independent one too — to command, in exchange for courtly vassalage — to find a camp your more befitting place, than a lady's waiting-chamber."

Isabel was silent. She knew not why, but she wished herself indeed the real

Joselyne, to have taken part in an expedition, unthought of for her when she embraced its embassy; but as she was, her woman's heart dreaded the danger to which it might expose her. While she stood looking down, her fluctuating complexion turning every instant paler, Mansfeldt and Christian whispered each other; and she just distinguished from the former these words — "It is worth the experiment. The first plunge will do it, I guess."

Wolfenbuttel left the room; and the more veteran commander, affecting not to notice the apprehensive symptoms too evident in the fine boy they were so solicitous to snatch from the lap of effeminate indulgence, turned towards him with an encouraging smile.

"Come, Percy," said he, "there is something in your very name, which, even in a German field, if need were, would fight for the husband of your native Princess. Her brave kinsman

is gone to order proper harness for you in this enterprize; and we trust you will carry a good account to your mistress."

Isabel felt she had now no other way of getting off from the dilemma into which her disguise had brought her, than by avowing her sex. Yet there was chivalry enough in the spirit of the Percy within her, to hold her almost hesitating. "Could I but be sure of escaping without any grievous wound!" and then laughing inwardly, in the midst of her painful embarrassment, at so cowardly a soliloquy, her varying countenance almost told her hesitation — a contest, Mansfeldt thought, between the boy's better aspirations, and his habits; and in the hope of deciding the field, he observed, as if incidentally, that there are tides in the career of man, which, if suffered to pass without being seized, seldom return again.

"There is a time," said he, "for

studying the purposes of life — another for enjoying recreation. But there is no season in which a man can waste his days with impunity; abandoning them, as some men do, to the brutalizing pursuits of a dissipated, unlettered society. Or betraying them to the more venial frivolities of a sort of maidenly attendance on the smiles of a lady's drawing-room. Man is born, from the peasant to the prince, to establish his character by the sweat of his brow — to live for others than himself; and as he fulfils his commission, will he live honoured, or die despised. But with regard to you, Percy," added he, after a momentary pause, "I am aware you are a younger son of a younger brother's race. Hence, you may hold your dependence on the Queen's favour, for your future life. But recollect, even were she to prefer for her page a Popinjay to a Hotspur, what the Prince of Wolfenbuttel told you just now. He would shew you, how to be independent of

aught but this!" Mansfeldt touched his sword. "And trust me, young man, there is no home, to one who is to make his own fortunes, like that of a camp. There is no situation, which so effectually compensates to him for the want of means for personal enjoyment, as its noble motives for privation—no society so likely to reconcile him to a life, perhaps doomed to existence without the endearments of domestic connections, as the brotherly friendship of men with whose blood his own may have to mingle on the same field. A good soldier, Joselyne, in times of peace, is perhaps the best companion any class of men can shew; in those of mutual danger, he is sought after as a benefactor; and when he falls or dies, not one family alone, but a country's tears, embalm his monument." *

* The admirable author of "Recollections in the Peninsula," may here recognise his own thoughts on the lips of this renowned warrior; it being the property of a certain order of minds, to sympathise, even

During this discourse, which Isabel felt, was wholly intended to press the descendant of the Percy into the wonted track of its sons — which she, its daughter, in her disguise conceived herself most wofully disgracing — she was making up her mind how to reveal herself to the gallant speaker, when, even as Mansfeldt concluded, Wolfenbuttel entered. His own plaited vest was braced on; and a man followed him, bearing similar military proof of all dimensions, helmets, and swords besides.

Isabel started at the sight. But to declare herself before the Prince, she felt impossible; and she stood, now covered with as deep a red, as before she was ashy white, gazing at the heaps of arms the young Brunswick hero was turning over,

when ages roll between them. Whoever the British officer may be, who is the writer of that little book, it is the work of an accomplished soldier and a perfect gentleman.

to fit a cuirass to her size. One he selected, with a steeled cap to suit; then gaily approaching her, "Come," said he, "my dainty cavaliér! Here is your caparison. I'll answer for your being a different man, when you put it off, to what you may think yourself now!"

Isabel almost mechanically took it from his hand, and put it on her bosom; but found herself obliged to admit of his buckling it on; and then he distinctly heard the pulsation within the agitated side, as he bent to fasten the thongs.

"If it be the acmé of courage," thought he, "to fear danger, yet meet it, here I may find a specimen; for if ever a little coward's heart were at ding dong under a piece of steel — here it is."

He next asked his young recruit, to let him see his sword; and, in a not ungraceful manner, the Lady Isabel drew it forth. Christian examined it. "It will do," said he, "though rather light for action. But these pistols may be of

more use. Put them in your belt: you will have others in your holsters."

"Heaven protect me from my armoury!" at last, cried she, perceiving how her courage was really suspected, and therefore thinking it best to confess something of its infirmity. "I must take care not to take fright at my defence; for in truth, lords, it will be the first time I ever smelt gunpowder."

"And you shall not come within its smoke, needlessly," replied Christian; "so to horse!"

CHAP. XVI.

When the cavalcade which brought the King of Bohemia in safety to his capital, entered its gates, Wolfenbuttel had not promised more to his young novice in arms, than he performed; though neither had escaped without the print of war. The leader was run through the shoulder by a pike, while defending the head of his volunteer from the stroke of a sabre. But soon after, just as the rescue of the King was nearly completed from the flying squadron, which had assailed his escorting party, Joselyne received the graze of a ball across the sword arm; which tearing off the whole of the sleeve, carried the skin with it, and the blood flowed in profusion. At the moment of the wound, she felt hardly any thing but a benumbed sensation in the part; and on seeing the

rent and the blood, without finding a hint within her of its being a vital injury, her courage grew on the accident. Wolfenbuttel, soon after, turning his head to observe how his elêve stood the shower of pistol shots, with which they had just been saluted, was astonished to see the soldierly coolness with which the young page was binding up his arm, with a handkerchief he had drawn from his belt.

"Hah!" cried he, "you hold it like a Percy!"

Before the King re-entered his capital, rumour had spread the tale of his absence and his danger; but when he made his appearance, the way was impeded by the crowds pressing to kiss his hands and his garments, while those who had preserved him were almost worshipped as gods.

Frederick, finding he could not pass through the throng as speedily as he wished, without seeming to trample on their affectionate reception, requested

Wolfenbuttel to make his own way to the palace, and inform Elizabeth of his return. The word was Jove's fiat.

"Now for our guerdon! Joselyne!" cried he; "on with me to her feet."

Wolfenbuttel knew not what he expected that guerdon to be, neither did his heart now shape the dangerous emulation of being estimated in any manner beyond her husband. But the vision of how Elizabeth had received George, on her first beholding him after a season of sorrow, floated before him. And now that he had answered her conjurings, (for in such language the request had been made,) even to the peril of his life; and brought her joy, instead of sorrow — should she receive him now, as she did George then, he said within himself, — "In that moment of ecstacy, I could die!"

But the result was very different from the extravagance of his expectations. Joselyne, with his wounded arm carefully

concealed under his crossed sash, preceded the Prince, but only a moment or two; and instantly bending the knee, exclaimed — "Joy, my mistress! the Prince of Wolfenbuttel brings our King in safety."

Elizabeth started from the sofa, where Christian, who entered immediately behind his herald, had just seen her seated with the Prince of Luneburg.

"Blessed tidings!" cried she; but attempting to move forward, she staggered, and grasping the arm of George, who rose at the same time, dropped her head, half-fainting, on his shoulder.

"Ever to cross me!" muttered Wolfenbuttel, gnashing his teeth.

Joselyne flew to his mistress, and with the only serviceable hand, drew her's to his lips, exclaiming — "Rouse yourself, dear lady! the King approaches. You must not receive him thus. And here is his preserver, who has not saved him without a struggle for his life." With the latter words, the youth's voice sunk,

and he again bent his face to the hand he held.

Wolfenbuttel stood proudly towering. Was Elizabeth to be reminded of her cause of gratitude by a page, and in the presence of her benefactor? — Stung with disappointment, and the supposed insult, he could have wished the annihilation of every object before him at that instant.

The Queen, rallying herself on the adjuration of her faithful attendant, looked up. "Thanks, Percy!" cried she; "you and I ——" and there she paused, to wipe the rolling tears from her eyes; then raising herself from the bosom of Luneburg, though still sustaining her trembling frame on the support of his arm, she stretched out her hand to Christian.

"My brave cousin," said she, "I have again to speak my gratitude to your valour; and for something even dearer, than humbling the standard of our ene-

mies." She smiled; but though there was admiration in that smile, and a sense of gratefulness withal, yet where was the entrancing familiarity of affection with which she had turned on George?—The dissolving tenderness with which her soft and dewy eyes even then regarded her page Joselyne, that moment repaying his dangers on that lovely hand? When she held it to her cousin of Wolfenbuttel, he saw it was as a boon; and felt, that for any sensibility in its owner towards him, he might as well fasten his devoted lips upon a piece of painted ivory.

"Madam, I have done my duty," returned he, with a cold, and haughty bow; "and having done so, I am happy to take my leave, till the Queen of Bohemia may command my services again." While speaking, he moved with a backward step from the room, and with a second bow disappeared.

Elizabeth looked with amazement, to

George — "What is the meaning of this?"

"Impossible to guess," returned he, forcing a smile, "only our brave cousin is prone to these tilts on the black steed; and when it happens, an angel sometimes could not discover why he mounted, — nor Satan's self unhorse him, till he chuses to stable the beast himself."

"Can the Prince of Luneburg so little know his friend !" exclaimed Isabel, unthinking at that moment of any character she was representing. "I have not been often, or long in his company, yet would be sworn to shew tangible body for every blue devil he may chance to exhibit."

George, with some surprise, was just going to enquire whether this youth were the simpleton De Vere, Wolfenbuttel had told him of, when the acclaim in the streets announced to Elizabeth the approach of her husband. The Prince then hastened to find his angry kins-

man; now deeming it probable he had met with some new cause of offence, from the ungrateful King. Isabel at the same time retired, ostensibly to change her garments; but in fact to have the wound properly examined, which now began to feel very painful.

From a window in the gallery George descried the object of his search, walking with evidently perturbed movements along a gravelled terrace in the palace garden; and thither he hastened after him, taking his course down the same private stairs, whence the boiling blood of Wolfenbuttel had sought the cooling air.

Isabel's eye too, in passing to her chamber, caught the same object. She had marked enough in the recent interview, indeed in most of the meetings between this impassioned Prince, and her royal mistress, to perceive that he admired her to an excess, this faithful friend of the Queen of Bohemia did not

like to see. Elizabeth, she knew, was entirely ignorant of its existence; but others might not suppose so. And for the Prince himself, so noble otherwise, she felt a shock on observing the glance he shot at his cousin of Luneburg, when her mistress leaned on him for support. Therefore, instead of attending to her own necessity, when she reached her room, which also overlooked the garden, she watched the disordered steps of Wolfenbuttel, till George joined him. But what she saw, gave her no encouragement to retreat satisfied. On the latter attempting to take the arm of his moody kinsman, the former shook it off in unceremonious displeasure. The other started back a pace or two, and then returned, as if remonstrating; while every movement of Wolfenbuttel shewed impatience and offence. They then turned hastily into a covert walk together.

Isabel could not bear the alarm of this. The blood was not yet more congealed

on her own arm, than on the breast which had defended her in the late conflict; and she trembled lest it should next be assailed, by the outraged and compelled hand of a friend.

A few minutes brought her light footsteps into a close vista, which joined the lime grove where the persons she sought were now at high discourse. The maddened passions of Wolfenbuttel had broken lose; and kindling at their own violence, he was even himself amazed at the declarations to which they precipitated him; avowing his adoration for Elizabeth; his jealousy of George; and his belief, that she smiled on him, more than was befitting the honour of her husband.

"If I accuse you falsely," cried he, drawing his sword, "take your satisfaction. I am ready to give you the life, her dissimulating charms have robbed of every aim."

George had in vain remonstrated —

pleaded — threatened. Christian was frantic with disappointment, passion, and despair; and not indeed believing what he so intemperately affirmed, he would have been glad to have welled out his exasperated heart on the steel of his friend; and there avowed his repentance with his expiring life. But the confusion in his brain was so great, that having drawn, he attacked George with a fury, as if nothing less than his life could appease this storm of ungovernable phrenzy.

The Prince, thus compelled, drew in self-defence. At this sight, when the two swords flashed on each other, Isabel supposed that one or both must surely fall; and with a faint cry, rushing from the trees, she threw herself between them. The headlong plunge of Christian could not be recovered, and the steel pierced her arm through, just above the place of its recent wound. She fell, bathed in blood.

The spectacle recalled the senses of

Wolfenbuttel; and both Princes, throwing away their swords, approached her at the same moment. Wolfenbuttel, bending over Elizabeth's page, as he still considered the bleeding form before him, had not voice to speak, from agitation and shame.

"You are much hurt, Percy!" exclaimed George, gently raising the wounded arm.

"Nothing," returned Isabel, though very faintly; "if it save the dear kinsmen of my beloved mistress from injuring each other. Oh, these violences are no proof of love!" And her hand, at that moment anxiously held by Christian, with an unconscious pressure told he was the chief object of this intervention. The Prince, even in the depth of his remorse, felt a touch of gratification in this preference from the innocent boy; and a gratitude for the intervention, his proud heart knew not how to express or conceal; but returning the pressure,

with a grasp wrung from his conflicting feelings, it almost crushed the little hand he held, while forcing himself to speak.

"If you have heard my madness," said he, "do as Mansfeldt counselled you. Repeat it no more."

"Remember it no more," cried George. "We must all forget it." Added he, stretching out his hand towards Wolfenbuttel, over the body of the page, who seemed evidently struggling to keep himself from fainting. Indeed, Isabel's spirit was greater than her strength; yet her eyes still sought the faces of both Princes; and though ashy pale, she smiled as if she did not suffer.

"I am a feeble creature," said she; "but I respect the brave. They should not dig out each other's noble hearts, when there are such foes around them. And for forgetting what was said! I know Elizabeth — she loves, she honours you both. Prince George, you have

been her friend for years—but her heart, pure as yon heavens, is wholly her husband's."

"You shall find, Joselyne," returned Wolfenbuttel, suddenly rising from his knee, "that I am not one, twice to dishonour it. George, there is only one Being, of whom I can ever ask a pardon, —till I have deserved it. Meanwhile, for a more worthy sake than mine, take care of this noble boy."

His heart was too big with self-blame, and a thousand contending emotions besides, to allow him to linger a moment longer. He hastened from the grove into the depths of the adjoining thickets; there, in a solitude none were likely to interrupt, to release his soul from the bondage, into which his turbulent passions had so lately fettered it. For only when alone, did he almost ever allow his best feelings to disengage themselves from the trammels of his pride; and then they generally poured themselves out in tor-

rents that shook his frame, cast as it was in one of nature's strongest moulds, almost to woman's weakness.

"Assist me from this spot, Prince?" asked Isabel, when Wolfenbuttel had disappeared; "my arm is wounded by a pistol shot, near the place where the sword entered. Both make me faint. Assist me to my sister's room, where I shall have care, and soon revive."

George, who by experience in the wilds of the East, was almost as good a surgeon as any who ever attended a military field, saw how near the young soldier was to swooning; and more securely staunching the new wound, with his own handkerchief; he carried, rather than supported his charge back into the palace, and through the galleries, to the De Vere apartments. There laying her almost insensible on a couch, Isabel had just strength to direct him where to seek her mother.

But the Lady Percy had heard of her

daughter's arrival from the Queen; and when hastening to greet her with a parent's exultation, on her heroism, and her success, the Prince of Luneburg met her in the vestibule.

"Madam," said he, "your brave son has had the honour of receiving a slight hurt in defence of his sovereign, and I go to send a medical assistant."

The anxious mother was speechless at this information, and hurried into the apartment, while the Prince proceeded on his errand. That accomplished, he rejoined the Queen.

CHAP. XVII.

Wolfenbuttel, when he emerged from the lime thickets of Prague, sent forward his squadron, to give an account of their exploit to Mansfeldt; but for himself, he was too chafed, perhaps too humiliated in his own feelings, to appear in that presence again, and face to face with the friend he had outraged, till the turbulent sea in his bosom were a little allayed. Employment was the best oil he could throw on its surface; and to this purpose, regardless of the courtly forms he was violating, by quitting the capital without seeing its monarch again, he mounted his horse, and thinking with a temporary aversion of all within those walls, excepting Joselyne, directed his steps towards a range of distant forts still under the Brunswick surveillance.

But from the moment he turned his

back on the linden groves of the palace, the image of the bleeding Joselyne seemed to float in the air before the head of his horse. The boy had, indeed, appeared to love him; for the expression of his eyes, even more than his parting words, recurred again and again to the memory of Wolfenbuttel. "I would be all in all to some heart!" thought he, "and Percy's looks speak false, if it might not be there. He shall have the chance; and friendship is a flame that holds no guilt in its fires!"

At the barrier-gate of the city he took a blank leaf from his pocket-book, and wrote with a pencil in English:

"Joselyne, if you ever wish to exchange a mistress for a friend, come when you will, you will find him in

"WOLFENBUTTEL."

He entrusted its safe delivery at the De Vere apartments, to the warder of the gate, and rode away.

Some hours of tranquillizing occupation now passed over his head; and when he returned to Pilsen, he found George had already been there, and gone on to his own more immediate quarters in the left of the line. Wolfenbuttel saw, by the manner of their commander-in-chief, that his generous kinsman had not hinted a word of his indeed inexcusable conduct. He was now sufficiently himself to appreciate this forbearance.

"And yet," said he, inwardly, "had he done otherwise, it would have been unlike him. It is only intemperance such as mine, that broaches the heart, like a madman or a braggart, on friends or foes! Nay, the humour, rather than the heart; for the lord of its citadel often mourns in that self-chilling solitude, when the passions at wanton strokes, act as if he knew neither ruth nor feeling. But I will yet print my character fair, on some bosom that reads the spirit, rather than

the letter; and then, death take me when you may, for that lone friend will write my monument."

After this mental soliloquy, Wolfenbuttel sat down quietly to attend to Mansfeldt's remarks on the business of George's brief return to his post; and in that explanation, the Prince also learnt the purpose of his cousin's visit to Elizabeth; an interview of moment to all, which might have ended so fatally to him, so wretchedly guilty to the present auditor.

The Prince of Luneburg, while at his own head-quarters, had received a private dispatch from England, containing a letter from Prince Charles, written in the most affectionate terms, and importing, that an extraordinary accidental circumstance had brought to his knowledge the extremity in which his sister's affairs were now involved, by the treachery as well as open enmity of the Emperor. Also the imminent risk which the whole of his noble cousins, as well as the gal-

lant Mansfeldt, had lately incurred, of assassination in her cause. The people of England, having heard it, were on fire with indignation; and the royal writer was well assured, the resentful feeling did not stop below the throne. Nay, persons in the confidence of the King, had pledged themselves to his son, that if either Duke Christian of Luneburg, or Count Mansfeldt, were now to appear as a negociator between Frederick and the King, his Majesty would attend to the preservation of the electoral dominions at least—and perhaps, if *duly urged*, to more! "But," added the Prince, "it must never be understood here, that I gave such a hint. My father is indeed greatly offended, at no illustrious envoy having been sent to him since the accession to Bohemia. But a volunteer now, of the rank I mention, would probably succeed, by the timely deference to his royal consequence in Europe."

To impart this letter of Prince Charles

to the Queen, and to receive her wishes respecting its import, George had visited Prague; and the final result was, he waited in the capital until Frederick's return from his dangerous expedition, who then entered into all the proposals of the letter, and earnestly entreated Mansfeldt to take the embassy on himself. George, indeed, found no difficulty in clearing his friend of the aspersions, envy had thrown upon his style of obeying the royal order to remain in his lines; but the young monarch, who felt his situation daily increase his embarrassments between his own personal favourites, and the views of his real friends, was not sorry to be so relieved from the near neighbourhood of one, however faithful, to whom the jealousy of others had forced him to appear in the most odious colours of ingratitude.

Mansfeldt could have no doubt, that if Prague were properly covered by the army under Frederick's generals, it would not be in the power of Tilly, with even

double his strength, to force his way to the capital. Hence, he trusted, that if James could be persuaded to heartily espouse his son-in-law's cause, ambassadors, civil and military, might arrive both at the Emperor's court, and before the lines of Prague, long before the imperial generals had gained an inch further on the disputed territory.

The plan of such defence was suggested to Frederick by the Prince of Luneburg, and the King engaged to hint it to Anhalt and Hohenloe. "But," added he, with a smile, "it must appear the inspiration of the sovereign, these veterans being jealous of a sprig of laurel from a rival's cap."

Mansfeldt set forth.

But the infatuated councillors of Frederick baffled every good measure, likely to arise abroad or at home. Hohenloe and his more illustrious coadjutor, guessed the quarter whence their young King had derived so able a map of de-

fence; and therefore, being sure of their ground, they had an argument against every position; for he who laid the plan before them, knew nothing of its principles to found an answer on. The natural consequence ensued of the whole being abandoned, and some entirely new one left to their charge. The Hohenloes, in particular, were so determinately hostile to every thing that could have emanated from the known judgment of their rivals, (now doubly hated since the delivery of the King from the snare into which Albert's rashness had involved his escorts,) that even where their own knowledge would have adopted dispositions similar to those they found in the proposed plan, they now rejected, because they were there. Hence, nothing but weakness and indecision appeared in the works and movements of these men; and Tilly soon became aware that he could force the covering army to a battle; and when that breach was once made, the

path would be open to repeat the stroke on the capital.

Walstein, who had not been able to penetrate the Brunswick lines, which reached from Budweitz to Pilsen, and thence across the country, sent a strong detachment round to the support of Tilly; preparing to follow it himself by the same detour through the north angle of Bavaria. Young Hohenloe, and Isemberg, a nephew of Anhalt's, remained in Prague; holding their kinsmen's power over the King, while the senate was torn between the creatures of both, and a faction of demagogues, whose talents could only shew themselves in storms — not in allaying, but augmenting the uproar. No one in the council or in the senate, now thought of a battle any where but amongst themselves. And Count Hohenloe, with the Prince of Anhalt himself, often respectively, left their commands to revisit the capital. So confident were they in the strength of their

camp, and the formidable front of their augmented members, and apparent force; which indeed proved their weakness in the end, the machine having become too vast, for the management which strove to wield it.

Tilly, meanwhile, received daily information of what passed between Prague and its camp, and of every point of its security, or practicable place of assault; and having once made his dispositions for an attack, launched the whole, as by the stroke of a thunderbolt, upon the first line of the royal entrenchments. Anhalt was compelled to take the field to defend his own lines; while Hohenloe, who commanded the advanced position, was stormed in every quarter; and being beaten from end to end of the ground, his fugitives fled towards the city, spreading dismay through every town and village as they passed. Anhalt was driven from his trenches likewise; but having had a few hours preparation behind the con-

fusions of his colleague's desperate but ill-managed defence, he stood his ground for a while with soldierly steadiness, and then made a respectable retreat, under cover of the night, towards the last resource, the fortified plain of the city.

He took post on the height called the White Mountain; and amongst its ravines and rocky acclivities, began to strengthen his means of defence.

But by this time Prague was become one scene of terrific disorder. Hohenloe and most of his staff had entered it, covered with every sign of flight and discomfiture; while the rage of the count at his defeat was so ungovernable, he could neither listen to council, nor give any reasonable account of what had happened. The wailings of parents for their lost sons, who had perished in the rash but inglorious conflict, rung round the palace, like the cries of unappeasable wandering spirits. The terrified pea-

santry crowded into the streets, with the most frightful descriptions of the roads tracked with the dead, the dying, and the wounded; who, in their retreat, had fallen from fatigue or loss of blood, and now lay a prey to the birds and beasts of carnage. But other fugitives from the more open country, and nearer the tracks of battle, yet more horribly alarmed the citizens, by describing the cruelties which the Croats, and Pandours in particular, inflicted in their pursuit; putting whole villages to the sword, and burning them down, with threats to make the same sort of *auto de fe* light all Bohemia, from the flaming towers of Prague.

But while the citizens were listening to these tales, some with manly courage to resist as long as life continued; others, with that frantic resolution despair inspires; but most with an appalled dread, as if the pikes of the enemy were already in their breasts even then, while the blood of the battles of the Eger was yet wet

on the hoofs of his horse, Tilly and his squadrons were in full march to the walls of Prague; and early in the morning of the 8th of November, to the King's amazement, and the horror of his people, the Austrian legions were discerned all along the extreme verge of the great plain of the Muldau, like a rolling mist over the land.

There were some amongst the unhappy fathers of the city, then contemplating from afar the coming destruction, who knew that the very first order the disappointed jealousy of Hohenloe had induced Frederick to send out, after his shameful overthrow, was to the Brunswick Princes, to command their abiding in their lines. For the defeated veteran felt, he would rather perish under the ruins of Prague, than have it saved by the rivals he hated.

Frederick, for some time resisted this unreasonable demand, till the enfuriated speaker, whom he respected on account

of his having been his father's favourite, threatened to run on the pikes of the Austrians on their first onset, if he should find himself engaged by the side of men, he knew to be his son's personal enemies.

Anhalt, who passed secretly into the town for consultation and other purposes put a deciding voice on this, by honestly acknowledging to the King, there could now be no hope of saving the capital by any commandable force in the kingdom. For not only the greatest part of their own lately esteemed prodigious army was entirely cut to pieces in the two last tremendous overthrows, but the celerity of the enemy in following his advantage, had put him in possession of almost every point of defence within a few leagues of Prague, on the western side of the Muldau. He therefore strongly recommended, that the German Princes should be kept in maintenance of the only refuge now likely to stand for the King;

and that his Majesty should lose no time in opening a negociation with Tilly, for the capitulation of the capital on honourable terms; while the royal family should be allowed to retire into Pilsen, and await the transacting of more enlarged measures with the imperial cabinet.

Frederick, overwhelmed in his spirits, by the continued lamentations he heard in the streets, by the dismay or the sorrow in almost every countenance he beheld; and driven to desperation on account of the situation of his Queen, who then expected every hour to become a mother; fell into this advice, as into the bosom of rest; and lulled into hope of a peaceable result at least, he told the Prince of Anhalt, he trusted his honour in his hands, and would sign any thing that he and the Austrian General should deem worthy their own honours to propose.

But Tilly scoffed at the flag of truce the veteran Prince sent to his camp;

telling the bearer, that unless Frederick would previously relinquish his usurped throne, and acknowledge his electorate justly forfeited to the Emperor for his rebellion, he and his family must abide the fortune of war, wherever the victor's sword might find them; and with this message the envoy returned to the White Mountain.

But before it could be transferred to the King, so prompt was the Austrian in all his movements, Frederick saw from the towers of his palace, the great lines of the Muldau plain attacked. He heard the air rent with the roar of cannon, while clouds of smoke came rolling with its thunders towards the city. He durst not approach his Queen at such a moment; though his heart yearned to hush her natural fears in his bosom, and, perhaps, he felt that his only place of consolation would be the tender soothing of her's. But he was conscious to having opposed her secret wish, to entrust the safety of

the town to one or other, at least, of her brave kinsmen; — "and how," in consternation of soul, he now asked himself, "was it possible he could have allowed any persuasions to induce him to a conduct, thus likely to destroy the being for whom alone he desired prolonged existence!"

Alas! one internal argument had been the deciding vote within him, even against this creature of his idolatry; a sense of his inferiority in many respects to the kinsmen in whom she prided; a sense of not being quite equal in some degree, to the elevation of her own mind; and that he might not bend himself in his own eyes, by paying too ready a tribute to either, he had often stood on the reserve to the propositions of his Queen, but in general, at last adopted any suggestion of the Princes through her, with the thorough approbation of his judgment. But the selfish men around him, whom he had too frankly admitted to his confidence, soon perceived this weak

point, and turned it to their advantage. They took their first firm ground against the Queen, during her absence at the Berg; and they increased their influence every hour, for few things are so subtle or so sure, as the divider of hearts; break but the chain of mutual confidence, and first one link, and then another falls to the ground: all other converse may be companionship, but confidence alone establishes the link of minds.

From the first hour of Elizabeth pledging her marriage vows to Frederick, she devoted her entire self, heart, mind, judgment, life itself, to his honour and his happiness; and for some time he seemed to feel it so, and to estimate the fullness of the treasure he had received in such a heart. But, in one fatal moment, it was hinted to him by Albert Hohenloe, that his Queen was considered his dictatress, and the Brunswick Princes her's. His spirit seemed to wither within him at the suggestion, and then it was

easy to instigate him to act as if he doubted his best friends, and to treat with something like contumely the idolized wife of his bosom. But what might seem still more incredible, all this violence on her judgment and her heart, were inflicted with a wild idea of raising himself in her estimation. Such was the fact; and those who observe on human nature, find no surer proof of mediocrity of intellect in men, than this jealousy of their place by the side of woman; while the really manly mind, feeling its high place in the order of creation, gives all that confidence to the anxious reflective suggestions of his wedded partner, which true female tenderness receives as a grace, and as true manly sense bestows as her due.

Elizabeth, however, had sought her husband in the midst of the terrific tumult which shook the city from within and without, but no word of reproach dropped

from her trembling lips. He, while she remained with him, seemed so bewildered as for some time to suffer her agonizing fears for his safety, rather than to sooth them; and when he was called away, he hardly seemed conscious that he had left her. But when she heard that the whole strength of the citizens were ordered to the works of the town, and her own ears told her the noise of battle was rapidly approaching the walls; and when the very ground on which her palace stood, shook like an earthquake from the advancing cannonades, then she felt as alone in this world of horrors; or at least one of the doomed, to share in all the direst calamities of war.

Frederick had seen her a second time, and again was called from her clinging arms, to a conference, perhaps the last he might ever hold, with the generals, left to the care of the town, now desperate on what measures to pursue. Albert Hohenloe had dragged him away, even from

her kneeling entreaties, that he would send for one or other of her cousins to take the command.

"No," cried the King; "they hold our last refuge. If Pilsen were lost too, then the sword of Tilly might indeed revel in the life dearest to me."

To swoon in bitter disappointment, in the moment of mortal apprehension, was not then in the perturbed bosom to whom this was uttered; but she turned to Hohenloe, in the desperation of the moment, and exclaimed, "You, and those belonging to you, will have the loss of this kingdom on your heads. The deaths of your sovereign and his miserable queen, —for know, Elizabeth of England will never be led a prisoner into an Austrian camp!"

"What do you mean, Elizabeth?" asked Frederick, gazing at her, as if he feared despair had driven her to phrenzy.

"To remain wherever you may

command me, until it be to follow these betrayers to the feet of Tilly — and then, God will release your unborn child, and wife, in one pang."

"Woman's last artillery!" muttered Hohenloe; but not so low as to escape the ear he wished should hear it, and so be started from the side of her, whose next appeal might gain the victory she sought; but in case this should not be sufficient, the insolent tyrant of his prince added, in almost a menacing tone, "If your majesty prefers counting your Queen's tears, rather than the brave hearts you may rally to her defence, command me to their head; and I am ready to shew her majesty how little I deserve the honour of her anathema."

Frederick on this, clasped her to his heart, and whispering some assurances he meant should be soothing, kissed her passive cheek, and once more quitted her. Elizabeth stood gazing after his departing steps, with an agony of blame towards

him, which wrung her soul with memories that seemed to wake the dead. "Henry! Henry!" cried she, "why art thou not here? Cannot this tempest of raging war around thy sister — and she without a defender! — call thee from Heaven to succour her? Ah! did not thy beseeching, bring me to this!"

Meanwhile, the pealing of artillery, with the repeated vollies of the musquetry, continued to rock the city to its foundations. The wind blew the vast volumes of smoke over the battlements; and the whole air was darkened with the lurid cloud. Its sulphurous vapour filled every breast to nearly suffocation; and the Queen, standing gasping in one of her windows, which looked towards the tremendous scene of fiery contention, (for at times the whole plain seemed one blaze), turned with an eye of fearful anguish on her two companions, the Ladies de Vere.

"There is not one of those vollies,"

cried she, " that does not announce another nearer our gates; and yet my husband continues the command to them who have ruined him. Oh, Isabel! were it not for the wretched burthen that now fetters me to this endurance, I would emulate thee! I would arm myself, by the side of the husband that deserts me; and die as becomes the daughter of the British kings, in a scene like this! But to wait here, till called to see my husband led like a victim to the slaughter! — it tears from my bosom all that is woman within me; and makes me — oh! how devoutly — pray, that Frederick had my soul!"

She cast herself into a chair, and covered her agonized countenance with her hands; but in the midst of that solemn moment to her wounded spirit, (for she was arraigning herself for having allowed the last adjuration to escape her lips before any other ear), a tremendous

explosion seemed to blow up half the city, and the shrieks which rent the air were like the burst of a sudden yelling whirlwind.

Elizabeth started on her feet. "We are lost! Christian of Luneburg—George—my valiant cousin of Wolfenbuttel—where are ye now?"

"Where I will find one of them, or perish!" ejaculated Isabel to herself. "Once I have found the way, and I will seek it again!"

"Where are you going?" cried Elizabeth, throwing her arms about her, as she perceived her moving. "Must we not all die in a few minutes? Let it be together! And since man will not hear my voice, kneel down with me here, my friends of dear, peaceful England, and pray with me, that without the horrors of a murderous violence we may now be doomed to receive our deaths!"

The mother and the daughter knelt by her; and the tranquillity, which no arguments could bestow, that earnest appeal to the only sure refuge, seemed at once to spread over her mind.

CHAP. XVIII.

All that fearful night the inhabitants of the town sympathised only too truly with the apprehensions of their Queen. Many, like her, expecting their maternal throes every moment; and to see their new-born babes expire on the Croat swords. Others, with fathers, brothers, husbands, sons — some exposed to the horrid rain of fire which poured on them in their nocturnal watch, for none knew rest or shelter before those walls; the bombardment against both the mountain, and the advanced works of the city, continuing without intermission. Others were arming, to meet the overwhelming flood, when it should overtop the battlements of their last strong-hold; and to die, they said, as became free Bohemians, by their hearths and their altars.

None went to their pillows that night; and before morning dawn, a magazine of powder under the great northern rampart of the city, blew up, and carried half the wall with it. This, like the explosion of the evening before, had been occasioned by the ignorance of the chance persons, to whom the general confusion had consigned the delivery of the ammunition. No thought then possessed any breast in the palace, but that the enemy had now made his practical breach; and a few minutes more would see that place a scene of massacre. Every female's room door was opened at once; and the terrified inhabitant, whatever her rank, fled towards the chamber of the Queen, — all believing, that if a brief protection were any where to be gathered together, it would be over that apartment.

But in the midst of the general despair, when cries and lamentations resounded from every quarter of the royal home, and the streets of the town too respon-

sively returned the dismal echo, even as the dawn broke, the Prince of Wolfenbuttel, with a squadron of his brave followers, suddenly appeared within the southern gate. The populace no sooner recognised one of the victorious leaders, who they knew the envy of the court generals had excluded from the defence of the city, than courage seemed to revive in every breast; and following his troop with acclamations, proclaimed "The brave *Lowenherz*, our deliverer!" through every street in his way to the palace.

George and he, having in vain awaited a better judgment in the King than his last direction, that they should hold themselves in Pilsen, saw the situation of affairs would not admit of further deference to so absurd an injunction; and now he came, to tell the misguided monarch at once, that if, in consequence of the late events, Prague should be lost, even Pilsen could not render its sovereign any lasting refuge. Hence, he and the Prince of

Luneburg had placed themselves at the head of the Brunswick disposable force, now reduced to ten thousand men, but all of true hearts; and ready to march into the field to the support of Hohenloe, or the Anhalts, at a word from his Majesty.

Young Hohenloe, with his partisans, were closeted with the King, when the glad noise, and hurrahs in the streets, sounds so different from the groans and wails, and shrieking maledictions, which had lackeyed their out footsteps thither, pierced their ears.

" A turn of events, by Heaven ?" exclaimed Isemberg. " Hohenloe has had an advantage, and we may scalp the Austrian vulture yet!" With a bound, he jumpt over the corner of the table near which the King sat, and rushed from the room to enquire the news. Frederick, sharing the transitory delusion, hardly noticed this one specimen in many, of a disrespect from these wild young men, which in spite of all their art and flatteries often

broke out in moments of forgetfulness and triumph; a species of contempt, which his too easy accordance with their own, and their elder kinsman's selfish councils, ever awakened in the breasts that misled him.

Elizabeth's quick ear caught the acclaim of joy, almost at its first burst, approaching the palace; then in a few minutes she distinguished the name of Brunswick, mingling with the loud huzzas. She started from the crowd of attendants round her; some of whom clung to her knees, at every volley of the enemy's morning cannonade; as if their mistress's newly braced soul, seeming to have gained courage from its anguish, could have saved them. But before she could extricate herself from their grasp, she heard the galleries of the palace resound with the same rejoicings as the streets; and a moment after Wolfenbuttel entered the room, armed from head to foot, as if prepared to stand in

her defence to the last hour. His countenance declared the same; and its heroic determination struck at once upon her heart — that, though her husband failed her, her kinsmen were her strength! She sprung towards him, and with that impulsive feeling of the moment, which had hitherto occasioned her so much sorrow, uttering a shriek of joy, threw herself into his arms.

"You come to save us!" cried she, when able to articulate; "to give me back my husband — to rescue his too faithful people, from those murderous thunderings!"

"She never thinks for her own safety!" ejaculated the venerable Lady de Vere; "but Prince, if it be possible, provide it for her; for soon she may need a quieter couch of rest than within these besieged walls."

But Wolfenbuttel heard not a word that either had said. He only felt that he had Elizabeth in his arms, and every other object was put to flight. All that

remorse, shame, and just principle had so lately extinguished in his bosom; this fatal moment rekindled to a blaze, that seemed to consume his very recollection; and he held her, as if she were never to be separated from him more.

Every tearful eye around was dried in a moment, as if the name of Brunswick were omnipotent; and Wolfenbuttel, while supporting their agitated Queen, felt his garments, and even his feet, pressed by a multitude of fair lips, pouring blessings on his name. It was a moment of triumph to him every way.

Elizabeth, raising herself from his breast, gently put his clasping arm from her waist, and looking on him, with all the gratitude of her lofty soul in her eyes—"My cousin," said she, "Heaven has heard the prayer with which I cried for George, or that brave arm to succour us!"

A few words informed her, that George was even then under the batteries of the

town, awaiting the sanction of the King to enter the lines against the enemy. No time indeed was to be lost. To send a messenger to Frederick, with intimation of her kinsman's desired interview, she knew, would invite a repulse from the men in council; therefore hastily taking a white embroidered glove from a casket near her — "Here, my cousin," cried she, "carry that to my husband. It must pass you into any presence with him — for it was my bridal glove."

But even that credential did not open the council-door, where a Hohenloe appeared as sentinel. Wolfenbuttel, would not deliver it to him, or any secondary person; insisting, as due to his own honour and the dignity of the hand that sent it, to present it himself. But the insolent favourite continued to dispute all passage, till the Prince, in a flame of indignation, flung from the door.

"Tell your King," cried he, "that were I to carry back this little glove dyed

in the blood of his enemies, the blackest chalice might be found in his prime councillor's heart!"

"You shall answer for this, proud Prince."

"Where you never will!" returned Wolfenbuttel, "on the heads of Tilly, and his partisans!"

Wolfenbuttel walked toweringly, and scornfully away, leaving the young braggart foaming with impotent rage. In turning down the gallery, the Prince thought he descried Joselyne Percy hastily crossing it into an opposite avenue. He instantly called to him, but almost at the word, had himself hurried to the opening of the passage, where he then saw the youth standing; his graceful figure discovered on the flying back of a large silken pelisse, but his attitude showed indecision whether to advance or not.

"Joselyne!" cried the Prince, "if you did not think proper to enlist under my

standard, why did I not find you at your chosen post, when I entered to your mistress?" He put the question angrily; for perceiving reluctance in the page to answer his call, embittered the offence he had taken at the unanswered billet; a proffer which, at the time had offered so largely from his then grateful heart.

"I marvel," returned the page, "the Prince of Wolfenbüttel could mark any absence, in a presence, where just now he did not mark a repetition of the loss of himself! When that hero defends woman from the noblest principle in man, that of protection, Joselyne Percy would even die by his side! Till then I draw no sword under his standard, who might command its use in obedience to a passion, his honour ought to blush to name!"

Wolfenbuttel was transfixed at the words, the manner of the boy; and ere he had disengaged himself from his amazement, Joselyne had disappeared.

"He is right!" said the Prince, as he himself turned from the gallery. "What have I to do with joy in those arms? She is Frederick's, dastardly Frederick's! My mistress should be glory — and it shall be!"

CHAP. XIX.

THE waving of Wolfenbuttel's sword to the Prince of Luneburg, on coming within sight of his brave and impatient followers, was enough to set the whole on the move; but hopes of concert was impossible with the disorganised troops they sought to support. Hence to defend where they might, unassisted by other aid, was the commission they found to be theirs; and setting their backs to the lines of Prague, they withstood the enemy's approach like men of iron; while the onset they resisted, came on with a press of lances that threatened the pinioning of every man and horse to the ground. But the phalanx of Brunswick was impenetrable. Manual vigour was there, to be overpowered; and that which levels the brave with the coward, was

called up. A sweeping shower of flying artillery, raked the gallant line from right to left; but it stood unflinchingly, as if under a mere hail-storm, while, indeed, many of its brave links fell to the ground without even a groan.

George, observing the situation of the hillock where the enemy had planted this temporary and destructive battery, determined to master it without loss of time; and by an immediate assault with his left wing, at the head of which he had detached Wolfenbuttel, not only made it his own, but turned its guns against a new division of the enemy, passing to the trenches against the White Mountain. These fell, under the raking of so unexpected a salute, like corn before the sickle; and with more than one staff of colours from the redoubt, and the shattered column on march, Wolfenbuttel returned to his compeer.

"Carry your red glove to Elizabeth!" cried George, with a triumphant smile —

"or rather your covey of Austrian eagles, bleeding at the neck. They will glad her cœur de lion heart—and we shall have an English Richard, born to us, rather than a Frederick, from this recreant Rhinelander. Go!—But be back with me, to charge that reserve lying behind yon copse."

But in Wolfenbuttel's way to the town he met with some delay. In turning the angle of a low epaulment between two roads, he heard the sound of an approaching squadron in full career, and presently was passed by part of Albert Hohenloe's regiment in the most headlong flight.

"Turn!" cried the Prince, "for your King! for your honour!"—But he hallooed to the winds; they still rushed past him. He threw himself in the way before the next troop in its career, while behind it he heard the shouts of the pursuing enemy. The first person in this ignoble van, seemed an officer. Wol-

fenbuttel met his approach, even at a distance, with a call to halt — to rally — and he and his escort should stand by him. But perceiving that augmented haste, rather than sign of service, dug the fugitive's spurs still deeper into the bleeding sides of his panting horse, the Prince charged up to him himself, and shot the animal dead. "Now," said he, "if you who follow that dismounted coward, be men, Brunswick will lead you — turn."

And they did turn, even while Albert Hohenloe, for it was he himself, was rolling in the dust. The pursuing squadrons were met arm to arm, with sabres that never left stroke on stroke, till their adversaries sunk to the earth, or fled retrogradely towards the White Mountain; and Wolfenbuttel, so far victorious, did not leave the ground till he had recovered a position these people had seized from young Hohenloe, which lay between the town and that beleaguered mountain.

But that a Prince of Brunswick had won it, was sufficient for the old count to consider it no longer tenable; and that the account of such a recovery, might be received as a vain boast, even before Wolfenbuttel could have re-entered the gates of Prague with the history of his exploit, the colours of Austria would again have been seen waving from the top of that little bastion; could any thing have been distinguished from those walls, amongst the smoke and dust which enveloped the whole plain.

Noon-day was then like evening, from the gloom of the season; and the preternatural darkness which these accompaniments to the storming of the city occasioned, for the action was too rapid to be called a siege, afforded too opportune obscurities for all the plans of Tilly, which embraced every mode of warfare. And his last resolution was, that Prague should not see another day under the banners of Frederick.

Wolfenbuttel, on leaving the men he had rallied, in the acclaim of their success, thought his duty rather called him then to the support of George in his proposed attack on the copse, than to pursue his visit of cheering tidings into the city. "Let the effects tell them!" cried he, and he spurred back to his friend. But there he met disappointment. Some spy in the Brunswick army, had informed Hohenloe of the Prince's design on the Bavarians beyond the copse, who also were in charge of the ammunition waggons of the besiegers; and that blundering general, led on alike by envy and a stupid ambition to distinguish himself at any risk, attacked the Bavarians without any judgment. The consequences were, he was not only driven back with disgrace; but the Luneburg lines lying in the way of the victorious enemy in pursuit, the contest which took place there, between the whole body of Brunswickers, led on by their two gallant Princes; and the Bava-

rian guard, whom the nephew of Tilly commanded, left that part of the field one mass of carnage.

But to enumerate all the frightful details of this tremendous battle of Prague, in which the host of Imperial Germany fell on this little kingdom with the weight of destruction, we leave to the military annals of the times. Suffice it to say, the rivulets ran blood to the Muldau; the White Mountain lost its name, in one red blush for outraged humanity — and when Wolfenbuttel at last carried his bleeding trophies to the Queen, and all marked the bridal glove in his cap, splashed with the terrific insignia of his peril, she alone saw it was not the announcement of victory that flashed from his eager eyes.

"Where is the King?" demanded he. "The night is yet ours. George holds one gate, and will perish ere he relinquish it. Anhalt has lost the mountain, and has twice offered to capitulate the city,

for a safe conduct to Pilsen, but it is refused. We must then keep our place, or make our way!"

"I understand you," returned Elizabeth, with the paleness of a statue, but in a voice firm as her soul — "I am ready to follow my husband, and will lead you to him."

By this time the fugitives from the direful havoc on the plain, were pouring into the town gates, where the Count Thurn's brave son, by order of Wolfenbuttel, met them as they entered; and rallying those who were yet able to carry arms, marched with them to the palace; to implore their sovereign, to shew himself at their head, on the ramparts of the city. To bar it up on all sides from the enemy, and they would stand by him to a man; perishing by famine, sword, or pestilence, before they would yield the town, till Mansfeldt should arrive with his expected shield from England.

But this enthusiastic proffer from the young patriot, and the citizens who fol-

lowed in the brave train, found their King no longer free to accept it. His fortitude had sunk before the disasters of the day, under the vehement representations of the Hohenloes, that all was lost; and the mortal wounds of the intrepid veteran Anhalt, with speechless tongues, seemed to proclaim the same. But he left it not to their pleading alone; for such was the sting of the yet existing envy within him against Mansfeldt, he would have thought himself doubly defeated, were any chance of a future relief to be left to his accomplishment; therefore, he united in declaring, that Prague must fall a sacrifice that night, by Tilly's projected *coup de main;* that the Brunswick fortresses could only be a mockery of refuge against the force which would then be released to overwhelm them; and hence, his Majesty had no other resource, than to sign the alternative, then presented to him by a flag of momentary truce from Tilly.

Frederick put his hand to the paper; and in that act, renounced the crown of Bohemia — for the privilege of himself and family, and the remains of his army, being allowed to quit the kingdom in safety.

Elizabeth listened to her husband's account of this disgraceful deed, in motionless silence. Wolfenbuttel was speechless; but it was the stillness of the pent-up volcano; and its burst of indignation would soon have rent him from Frederick for ever, had not the calmly heroic eye of his wife, sealed the lips opening to declare it.

"Frederick," said she, "doubtless you have done for the best; and though you do not say it, you cannot have left provision for the safety of this poor town, out of the price of your sacrifice?"

"I know not," returned the abdicated King, bursting into tears. "Hohenloe presented the paper — I signed it. For I saw only you, Elizabeth; and in your

extremity, Tilly entering the palace sword in hand! In such a moment, I would, perhaps, have signed away my soul."

"And God grant, my husband," returned she, "that you have not done it. But it shall not be. For, by all my hopes of future blessing on the babe within me, I vow never to quit this spot, till I know, that the brave, the innocent inhabitants of this city, are to be left in all the safety to which you would have me fly!"

Elizabeth kept her word.

George and Wolfenbuttel, that very night, at the head of their dauntless little army, sent in a messenger to the Austrian camp, demanding a conference between them and any one of the leading imperial generals. Walstein, who had more than once admired the truly soldierly proceedings of his young antagonists, was vehement with Tilly for the interview.

"No man's glory bewilders me from my own interest," replied the surly vete-

ran. "But go you; and do whatever you may please; your head shall answer to our common master."

Walstein, Dampierre, and Burquoy took the privilege; and half-way between the lines of either army, under the pale watery moon of that dismal November night, they met the Brunswick Princes. Humanity was the motive on one side—a generous gallantry on the other; and on such foundations, the exchange was soon proposed, accepted, sealed. The safety of the persons and property of the inhabitants, not only of Prague, but of all places in the kingdom of Bohemia, which had owned the sway of Frederick, was to be respected, as a just equivalent for the entire resignation of Pilsen and its chain of fortresses, to the Austrian power.

"But for this timely ransom," remarked Burquoy, with a supercilious smile, when he took the paper from Prince George's hand to countersign, "Styrian

shepherds might ere long have battened their flocks on a field, where now stand the towers of that seditious capital."

"Wolves in sheep's cloathing!" retorted Christian. "But should we ever hear of such an arrival, there are yet some trusty hounds further east of the Danube at our beck, who know how to hunt them back to their dens!"

"Truce for the present, my brave friend and foe!" interrupted Walstein, while putting his name to the paper, "Now," continued he, severally offering his hand to the two Princes, which they as frankly took, "we part, as all good soldiers ought, friends! And when we meet again, in any future field — we fight for the glory, not the prey!"

"Were all our foes of your spirit, Count Walstein," returned the Prince of Luneburg, "we should soon ground our arms in general amity. Farewell!"

The word was echoed by all in the little council; and the tent, which had been pitched for the conference, was struck immediately on the withdrawing of its inmates.

CHAP. XX.

Frederick now became sensible, when too late, of his error in having given his confidence to men, who, he might have seen, were not only ruining his fortunes and reputation, but wrecking his happiness and soul, as he parted with the Brunswick Princes, he received them again, under the same aspect of an inconsolable, but silent grief.

He was indeed humbled to the earth; and the deep despondency of unavailable regret and shame, so seized upon his mind and heart, that to Elizabeth's anxious eyes it appeared to affect his faculties; and the tears, she could not have shed for herself, she now poured over him, while he sat mute and motionless under her caresses; or, when he did speak, it was no longer like his former self; but in

gloomy, short sentences, accusing her of mocking him by such shew of tenderness; that she must despise him; that he had no more to do, after he had quitted the kingdom, of which he was unworthy, but to die, and leave her to some more deserving the heroism of her character!

But the heart of Elizabeth, though almost broken, stood even this. "Yet," said she, turning to the Prince of Luneburg, "I am not quite of iron, though by my bearing I might seem so. Should I sink at last, and here in Prague; my unhappy Frederick could not exist through that direful time; therefore, we must leave this town to-night."

Her commands were obeyed*; and so ended the short-lived royalty of Bohemia.

On the third morning after they had passed the Saxon frontier, (for George was conducting the royal fugitives to the arms of friendship in his native dominions), the little array entered the rocky defiles of the quarry mountains; from

whose heights he hoped soon to shew his brother's intended guests, a no very distant view of his own boasted Hartz. But according to the plan laid down on their leaving Prague, he was then in advance with his part of the escort. Wolfenbuttel followed in the rear; and in no very good humour, from having been disappointed of the companion he had anticipated, Joselyne de Vere. Before they set out, he had looked for him in vain amongst the groups marshalling themselves for the journey; and at last, while the Ladies de Vere were passing to the royal carriage, he could not refrain from asking the younger for her brother.

"We are neither friends nor enemies, lady; and in travelling together, might settle the difference."

Isabel smiled, with eyes so liquidly bright, it was not always to be distinguished whether she looked through tears or dewy softness, "My brother," returned she, "is one of those despotic

vagrants, who seldom allow woman to scan their movements; yet when he departed just now, he said, "If any ask for me, say, *I will meet Brutus at Philippi!*" And not to be further questioned, she hastily put her hand into Prince George's, and sprang to the carriage. Wolfenbuttel (who Isabel, in her own character, always avoided), put up his lip, at what he deemed a strange insolence of manner in both brother and sister; and particularly displeased at what might be implied in the message left with the sister, so evidently for him, he mounted his horse, muttering to himself "He is gone on with the march of our army, to avoid me; but when we meet, he shall know, that Christian of Wolfenbuttel is not to be schooled by a boy!"

The first part of the journey was performed without impediment; but on the cavalcade entering the deep transverse valley of the quarry mountains, which the broad shadows of those heights yet

held in the obscurity of twilight, though the sun had been risen some time, Elizabeth was roused from a sleep into which she had just sunk, by the sounds of firing in the way they were going. She started at the well-known echoes, for the hills reverberated the volley on all sides, and at first believed she was still in Prague; but immediately recollecting herself, she looked from the coach-window, and saw horsemen rushing past it on full gallop. One approached the carriage from the head of the glen, where the firing still continued; and now evidently received other responses than from the air alone, for similar volleys were distinguished from the appalling reverberation at the other extremity of the defile.

The single horseman was a dispatch from Prince George, to request the royal party to halt, till the path should be cleared.

"What has happened?" demanded

the King, before Elizabeth, whose chief anxiety was for him, could find words to speak.

"We are attacked by an ambuscade," returned the officer; "and I go rearward to bring the Prince of Wolfenbuttel to guard your majesties."

"Stay here," cried the King, "and do you guard my wife. I will carry the news to Wolfenbuttel, who seems to have work of his own." With the words, Frederick pushed open the carriage-door.

"What do you mean, my lord," cried Elizabeth, catching his arm, and reading in this sudden vehemence only a new subject of dismay; not resolution, but distraction.

"To do my own duty," replied he; and breaking from her, leaped from the carriage. It was the act of a moment to vault into the saddle of the dismounted officer's horse, and to demand his pistols: "You will find others," said he, "from these passing soldiers;" and setting in

his spurs, he was out of sight in an instant. But the expression of his countenance was so unlike any thing Elizabeth had ever beheld there; a blaze so terrific, that she sunk back in her seat, inwardly praying to be sustained through the issue of this new trial. Her husband was gone, she knew not whither; for might not the aberration of his mind rather carry him into the midst of his enemies, than to the support of his friends! and both now seemed to be attacked with equal fury, from the tumult at each end of the valley.

At last Elizabeth's apprehensions were excited to such a torture of suspense, she sent first one, and then another of the escort left near her, to bring tidings of the King. At length the officer alone remained; and none seeming to return, she conjured him to seek her husband.

"I dare not," replied he, "in such a moment of danger, obey your majesty, against the King's own commands."

"This suspense is worse than any danger to myself!" replied she, wringing her hands.

Isabel de Vere (though no longer in the male apparel she had assumed the last day of their horrors in Prague, to have been ready for any embassy then from her mistress), was now in a riding suit; and immediately offered herself as the messenger to the King. "Our guard will again resign his horse!"

"You! dearest Isabel," returned the Queen, "you in such a conflict!"

"Did I not bring him back once before? and by the side of Wolfenbuttel!" cried she, with a triumphant smile; "yes, my mistress, I can stand any artillery but your eyes in tears!" and tears then forced themselves from her own.

At that moment one of her messengers appeared, but only for an instant, calling to the officer — "The Prince is attacked by an ambuscade in vizards; the King is

with him; and not a man can be spared." The soldier vanished again immediately down the valley; and the Queen once more implored the officer to follow to his assistance: but the same answer was returned; and the immovable sentinel examined his own weapons, as if he expected soon to use them. Elizabeth called her failing strength around her heart; and directing a calm look to her companions in the carriage, said steadily, "A little time now will tell us our fate; I hear the firing approach."

The volleys at the hither end of the defile where Luneburg was engaged, certainly retreated, and seemed gradually lessening; but not only firing, but the clash of arms, came on from the quarter where her husband was. A bend in the hill excluded the view. The officer suddenly opened the door of the royal carriage.

"I see a recess in the rocks above

here; and must request your majesty to take shelter there."

"To what purpose?"

"To be removed from immediate danger; till that lady, who so bravely offered just now, may bring down my Prince, who must have beaten off his assailants, to the succour of the King. I will hold my guard the while."

Elizabeth judged, that hesitation now was out of the question; and Isabel sprung from the door, while the officer was assisting the Queen out of the other, had mounted his horse, and was beyond recall, before even her beloved mistress could have turned round to give her consent to her faithful Percy. But Isabel went not unsanctioned by her heroic mother's blessing.

Elizabeth was then led up the rocks by the officer, into a low cave; which, when in, expanded to a spacious cavern, but dripping with humidity from the springs

above. The elder Lady de Vere, and the female attendant, followed the melancholy steps of their suffering Queen. The officer spread his cloak over a shelving part of the rock, for her majesty to sit on. Elizabeth almost mechanically accepted his attention with her usual courtesy; and then sat perfectly still, with her hands fast locked in each other, and her eyes rivetted on the ground. But those who looked on her, observed that at every repetition of the firing, a short trembling passed all over her whole frame.

"Can she stand all this, and live?" thought the venerable Lady de Vere, gazing on her as if she were her own child.

All at once the noise of conflict ceased; and Elizabeth's watchful attention heard the galloping of horses, and then the cry of "All is safe!" The officer darted to the cavern mouth, to repeat the same; but the Queen was then on her knees,

and so were all present with her, pouring out their gratitude in silence to that Being who had been the preserver.

Short was the interval from that blessed announcement, till she heard the ascent of steps to the cavern; and in another instant her husband entered. But how changed did she behold him, from the spectral being he had left her! Now glowing with manly animation, and the open eye of confiding happiness, he hastened towards her and clasped her in his arms.

"I bring you myself, my Elizabeth! For my arm has at last had the power to defend thee, and paid its debt of honour to our brave Wolfenbuttel!"

"Yes," added the Prince, who had entered behind him; "I was attacked hand to hand, by one who now lies dead where his double treason found him. Frederick's pistol avenged himself and me."

Elizabeth could not then know that he

meant Albert Hohenloe; but she saw that her husband's restoration to his own esteem, was indeed the resurrection of himself; and with tears of unutterable happiness at his escape, and a renovation, the miracle of so few minutes, she hung on him for awhile, in the heart's eloquent silence.

On returning with her now rejoicing little band, to take their places in the carriages, she saw them surrounded by the brave escort of Wolfenbuttel, and several strangers besides. In one, with much surprise, she immediately recognized the Elector of Saxony; and was as instantly informed by her husband, that to his sudden appearance at the head of an armed train, the turn in their favour must be attributed; for Wolfenbuttel's slender detachment had been nearly overwhelmed by the weight of numbers. But the particulars of the affair she was to learn hereafter; only, meanwhile, it was the Elector's petition to her, and to which



Frederick had already assented, that the whole party should take a few hours rest at his palace of Hubertsberg, in the neighbourhood. The name of the place made her turn her eyes on Wolfenbuttel.

"We now go there under the personal pledge of the Elector himself!" replied the Prince in a lowered voice, understanding the appeal of that look. "Before, we were cozened by a false medium."

The Elector heard the response, and shuddered — "Madam," said he, "the horror of that conspiracy, perpetrated under a roof of mine, has haunted me till now. And only by these Princes, and yourself, making it your place of repose from this second business, so like the first, in being attempted on my territory! can I be reconciled to allow so dishonoured a place to stand in my dominions." He then added, as a more gentle persuasive; "That a fair inhabitant was yet there, to whom the goodness

of her majesty might yield comfort, and perhaps protection."

Elizabeth gave the Elector her hand in assent, but past recollections would not permit her to speak. He saw, and respected the emotion visible in her downcast face, and with all the reverence of his sentiment, touched her hand with his lips. He was even gratified; for a compliment in thanks, may be paid to any man; but when gratitude is silent and in tears, then the heart speaks, and individualizes.

Before the carriages were in order to proceed, Isabel returned on the spur with Prince George himself; and his gallant squadron behind him, who, on the summons of his intrepid messenger, he had recalled from their pursuit of his enemies.

Wolfenbuttel caught a full view of the glowing countenance of Isabel, and the peculiar flash of the eye he had marked once in that of her brother's in the rescue

of the King near Prague; and struck with wonder at what he saw, observed her throw herself off her horse, in the transport of her joy at beholding every one safe, and would have dropped on her knees before her mistress, had not Elizabeth caught her in her arms, and strained her to her bosom.

"Frederick," said she, looking towards her husband, "you know not all I owe to this noble Percy!"

The Queen was replaced in the carriage, and the Ladies de Vere with her. Wolfenbuttel, without a remark to any one, long mused on this scene, and these words.

The cavalcade proceeded; and during the progress of the three Princes towards Hubertsberg, for Frederick had joined the party on horseback, the Elector explained how he had become privy to the last attempt. It was revealed to him only that very morning, by one of his huntsmen who had been tampered with by

some of the agents, to assist in placing the ambush. The principals in this second conspiracy were the Hohenloes; who, in their private thirst for revenge against the Brunswick Princes fame and power, for that alone was their offence, had met the private wishes of some, who aforetime, had planned a similar murder, on the same gallant persons, and in almost the same spot. But Bernhard de Saxe, the instrument then, was now no more. He had rid himself of life, on finding that neither his false representations to the Elector his kinsman, gained any longer credit; nor did the Emperor reward the hazards he had incurred, in his unsuccessful attempt at assassination. Ferdinand, indeed, in a passion of offended dignity at some threatening intimations from his base instrument, that he would expose his employer to the world, it was supposed, had returned the menace with a blow; but no one knows what exactly passed, more than the noise

in the chamber; only that a pistol was fired; the Emperor rushed out, while the room was full of smoke; and when the attendants entered, de Saxe was found on the floor, shot through the head, and with his pistol in his hand.

"The imperial minister sent me an account of this," continued the Elector; but I had seen enough, to take my own guard in future. I had been the tool of both; betrayed, indeed, by a resentful feeling — which you, my brother of the Rhine, may pardon, and with smiles. — *For those may laugh, who win!* But when Tilly sent to me, '*if my humour suited*, to intercept your passage through my dominions —I then found no difficulty in combining this ambuscade with that embassage! And, in thus meeting you, I shake off a yoke that has galled the free shoulder of Saxony ever since it was assumed. — You may therefore suppose, that when called upon to pay the last duties of respect to the deceased Elector

of Darmstadt—whose mind, lost to itself, never could be prevailed upon once to leave the old laboratory of Johannes Faustus in Hubertsberg; I was not sorry to be told, I had then an opportunity of protecting, what I had already determined to honour."

CHAP. XXI.

At Hubertsberg George did, indeed, behold her again, who, under the direction of Divine Providence, had been the instrument of preserving, not alone his life, but those more dear to him — his brother and his friends. Her father, as has been represented, would not be moved from a place so well calculated for all the studies into which he had thrown his mind, to relieve it from the terrors of a contending faith; and the Emperor, shortly after being made sensible that the Elector of Saxony was not of a disposition to be the abject instrument he supposed; nor, indeed, any longer wished to possess a hand, where the heart, at the very altar, had manifested repugnance, left the old man to pursue his course undisturbed.

Eleanor, meanwhile, remained brooding over the past; and in that solitude what dreams visited her? For, is it not thought, that nourishes remembrance; and remembrance, when presence is gone, is the food of love. To have seen the Prince of Luneburg, and not admired him, seemed to her impossible; to have witnessed his virtues and not loved them, she felt was impossible; but solitude and meditation, made this conviction of her judgment, a passion in her mind, and George was the centre of all her sleeping and her waking dreams.

The Electoral Duke, her father, suddenly died. Aroused to recollect she was yet a being connected with this world, and the world's usages, she wrote to her brother at Darmstadt to take her to his home. Meanwhile the Electoral Sovereign of Saxony forbore to intrude on her presence, till he came to pay the last respect to the memory of a prince who had died under a roof of his.

But now, in Elizabeth of England, the near relative of the Princes Eleanor had preserved, in her she found a protectress; one in every way disposed to be her friend; and to the best judgment of both, nothing could be more proper than the orphan Princess accepting her maternal care, till she might be claimed by the personal appearance of her brother, or his envoy, at whatever place the abdicated Queen might make her own asylum.

This, George had already appointed, should be the palace of Herzberg, a fine antique building on the edge of his parent forest. It was the most royal as well as most nobly situated residence in the ducal dominions; an Englishman might say it was built by the architect of Windsor Castle, and more than emulated that august structure, in rural grandeur, and magnificent sylvan scenery around. There the Emperors of the Brunswick blood had occasionally re-

sided; and there the British Cœur de Lion had halted for a night, on his release from the treacherous captivity of Austria.

"There," said his brave descendant, to the fairest daughter of his race, "shall that spot be hereafter honoured as the Brunswick home of Elizabeth of England; for, from this hour, Herzberg must always be considered yours!"

"But how will Duke Christian," observed she, smilingly, "guarantee these largesses!"

"Would he not have guaranteed his heart!" George, the moment he had uttered this, felt he was saying what he ought not at any time, and least of all at the present. She was Frederick's wife, and to change the current of both thoughts, her own and his, he hastily added, in a low voice—"Though I am not to see the mourning Princess of Darmstadt, now under this roof, yet when she is

with you, and under my brother's, I may then pay to her my gratitude." The flush on his check told Elizabeth there was more than gratitude in the quick sigh that concluded the sentence.

CHAP. XXII.

At Herzberg, before the close of the second night after this conversation, Elizabeth found herself not only in a happy security from all the horrors which had lately been following her, like the waves of a raging sea; but looking from the extensive window of her apartment, over the wide stretch of luxuriant country to the utmost horizon, saw it dividing her from the stormy element which could reach her no more.

That night she had become the rejoicing mother of a daughter; nurtured in care, war, and grief, but born in peace, and in a home of her ancestors; and in the very chamber that had been occupied by Richard Plantagenet!

When the happy Elizabeth pressed the unconscious infant to her heart,—the

little chalice from so many noble fountains! "Oh, God!" cried she, "I thank thee for this! — the pledge of future years of gentlest, dearest comfort! A queen no longer! But what can divorce thee, babe, from the blood of heroes! From the spirits which gave protection to the world! — From the rights that may one day grasp the sceptre of an empire in this little hand!"

Eleanor of Darmstadt, who sat silently by her side, during this supposed soliloquy (for Elizabeth not being aware of any presence beyond the curtain, had believed herself alone,) smilingly remarked, "The Queen is still more in that thanksgiving, than the Electress!"

"Yes," repeated Elizabeth, with a sigh, "we are ambitious for our children, even while we feel its vanity in ourselves! For myself, believe me, Princess, I would be no more a Queen."

"Not in happy England, — where no war can set its foot?"

" No where! I have drunk that chalice to the dregs. Eleanor, till we taste it, it seems a bowl of nectar; the very draught of the gods. But in the lips, there are bitters from a thousand hands. The royal bosom thinks, and feels, and bears for all."

Elizabeth laid her head upon her pillow, to compose memory and herself to sleep. Eleanor sat meditating on the possible future, on her extraordinary destiny. For though neither the Prince of Luneburg, nor any but the ladies in the present little travelling court, had been permitted to see the young mourner; nor would not, until the presence of the royal invalid might be the sanction, accident had been the Prince's friend. For on the very evening of the young Queen's arrival, she became a mother; and the Princess of Darmstadt having remained with her till she embraced the new-born babe, was crossing a gallery to her own apartment, just as George was leaving

his, to congratulate the anxious Frederick.

Eleanor was wrapped in a long white garment, for she would not watch by the expecting pillow of Elizabeth, in her funeral raiment; but a glance told the Prince of Luneburg, who approached him, and he was at her feet, almost before her heart had answered her eyes, "It is he!"

No crown in Europe, lying for her acceptance where he then knelt, could have made her so proud. And before he left her side, Eleanor of Darmstadt understood that she had it in her power to make the happiness for life of the only man she ever wished to be master of her's. Therefore, when she sat musing by the now peaceful couch of the dethroned Queen of Bohemia — she who had been the centre of a splendid royal court of her own, and hardly second in that of a yet more magnificent — that of England; Eleanor bethought her, how

all those pomps at best invaded happiness.

"Give me but peace, like this now present with me, and in an humbler abode than this his native Herzberg! There, and with the hero of my heart, crowned with his laurels alone, who would be so blest under the simplest shed!"

And thus, morning and evening, under the abundant shade of a covered vineyard, attached to the palace by a long gallery of orange trees, George and Eleanor continued to meet in the endearing interchange of mutual confidence, without the cognizance of another eye. And, in times after, well did they remember the winter garden of "sweet Herzberg," and rich were the clustering memorials, she who at that season found her first rest there, then transplanted to her native soil of Hampton Court.

But those were not the only hearts which had owned each other, during the

secluded hours of Elizabeth. Wolfenbuttel had discovered Joselyne Percy; the youth whom he had sought, with all the monopolizing passion of his nature, to fasten his soul on,—in one entire blending of thought and wish, in such a friendship as Orestes knew for Pylades, without a rival in his heart.

This Joselyne, he discovered to be no other than Isabel herself; and the devotion he sought from the brother, he soon found would be paid to him to idolatry, by her who, from the first, had loved him beyond her sex's weakness; beyond her own self-love, and even in the grasp of error; till her voice, her virtues, under the semblance of her brother, had charmed him thence.

By the time Elizabeth was able to prepare for receiving the kinsmen most dear to her, under their own hospitable roof, and there to present her infant blessing to their arms; she had listened with the tenderest interest to the differ-

ent stories of these lovers. In the first morning of George's admission to her presence, and he came alone, he ratified all the confidence Eleanor had reposed in her. Tears of pleasure at the prospect of their mutual happiness, coursed down the cheek of his cousin, and fell upon the smiling face of her babe, as it lay upon her knee.

"May I kiss them off?" asked the Prince, bending to the infant.

"Yes," Elizabeth smiled; "might I ever live to see a son of your's do the same — and those tears be shed at her bridal."

George's heart responded to the wish, and he kissed the babe twice — "There, my sweet daughter!" cried he, with an agitated gaiety, "take that in fee for a fatherly affection, whenever it may be demanded."

But when the day arrived for Elizabeth's removal to the state drawing-room; while she sat, delighting her fine taste

with the magnificent view over the splendid palace gardens, to the sublime stretch of the forest scenery beyond, she descried a travelling carriage, with an escort of horse, turn the angle of a wood, and proceed full speed in the direction of Herzberg. She started back in her chair, with a blush on her cheek; for in that moment she saw the colour of gladness mount into that of George. Wolfenbuttel sprang to the window. "Hah! here is our Duke! Christian of Luneburg!" and, as hurryingly, he darted from the apartment to meet him, and the brave Spielberg, who rode by his side.

Elizabeth's head grew giddy; she gasped for breath, and her whole agitated frame shewed the disorder of her heart. Apprehension — joy — sorrow — she knew not what, were all in tumult within her; and she felt that only one support should now be near her at this interview — that of her husband.

"Frederick!" cried she, and she

stretched her hand towards him; "let all else leave me."

Those who obeyed, found it was indeed Duke Christian; and that he brought with him the full restoration of the Palatinate, won by his arms, and now acknowledged by the Emperor. These two documents, accompanied by a written welcome from the brave Rhinelanders to their lawful sovereign, Christian sent in to the agitated pair, before he would enter himself; but when he did, how different were Elizabeth's feelings from what she had apprehended!

She had remembered the shame, the sorrow, that weighed her down when she saw him last; and she expected his look, full of the like recollections, would overwhelm her now. But no; calm, heavenly, intellectual happiness sat alone on his countenance; and at the first glance, it diffused the same over her. Serenity reflecting serenity, like the moon on a tranquil lake, which a moment before

had been heaving beneath the passing storm.

But if Christian's looks were calm, no coldness was there. He advanced to Elizabeth with the outstretched arms of a brother, meeting a dear sister after long absence, and clasped her to his breast.

"Welcome to my country! Welcome to my roof! How welcome — Elizabeth's own heart must tell her."

She put her husband's hand into that of the Duke of Luneburg — a sob broke over it — and both her husband and her friend, felt that Henry was in that convulsive sigh.

But Herzberg's annals for that year, were to close with other memorials than of the dead, however dear. The happy living were to register their names in the white book of its archives; still preserved there, bound in vellum, and clasped in silver from its native mines.

Mansfeldt arrived from England with a successful mission; a father's blessing,

and a brother's love; also the insignia of the Garter for the two brave cousins of their royal Elizabeth. On the morning of the anniversary of Duke Christian's birth-day, in the chapel of the palace, the two Princes were invested with the British order; and in the evening of the same day, and before the same altar, Prince George of Luneburg received the hand of Eleanor of Darmstadt from that of her brother, the Elector; while Christian of Wolfenbuttel, in giving his to Isabel de Vere, deemed he made no mis-alliance between two of the bravest houses in Europe, when he united the name of Brunswick with that of a Percy of Northumberland.

The young heiress of the Palatinate received baptism in the same hour. And being held in the arms of Duke Christian at the fount, Mansfeldt, who stood representative for the British King, gave her a name by his majesty's command; that of Sophia — as presage of the wisdom

he invoked, rather than that power or beauty, might be the endowment of his grand-daughter.

"Yes!" cried Luitgard, the venerable Bishop of Celle, while he held the babe yet to his bosom. "May the descendant of a race of Princes, who from the first have chosen the wiser part — a pure faith against the world; — their people's love, rather than their vassalage. May she, born here, in one land of her ancestors, live to take her part in binding both countries in the firmest bonds of peace! In the blest union of national amity, founded on the rock of ages — piety towards God, and justice wedded to mercy, in all the dealings of man to man!"

FINIS.

HISTORICAL NOTE.

The writer of this little narrative cannot quit its concluding page without noticing a circumstance to the reader, which, if alluded to in the preface, might have forestalled the interest of the story — namely, a regular proof that two Princes of Brunswick bearing the name of Christian, existed at the same period, and performed a nearly similar train of military exploits. Both were sons of contemporary Dukes of Brunswick, espoused to Princesses of Denmark; both were secular Bishops; both embraced the cause of Bohemia; and both were Knights of the Garter: and no doubt, in consequence of so extraordinary a coincidence, all the historians of those times, whether Germans or English, which the writer of this

narrative has seen, have been induced to suppose the actions of both Princes the performance of one alone; whom they always designate under the general appellation of Duke Christian of Brunswick. But while perusing these several historians, in forming the design for this work, contradictions became observable, impossible to reconcile in one character. Sometimes Duke Christian was spoken of as the reigning sovereign of a rich and powerful dominion; then we were told in a few pages onward, he was distinguished indeed by illustrious birth, but destitute of territory and resources. One tells us, he dies in the year 1626; and another in 1633.

These, and other similar discrepancies, embarrassed me much in the consistency of my view of this hero of the times. But on consulting the chronicled documents from Brunswick itself, many pages of which I turned over with no small solicitude, to find some solving of this enigma,

I discovered the first key in the registers of the ducal entombments; and that clearly proved the existence of two princes of the name and house.

The one was Christian Duke of *Luneburg*, born 1566, died 1633, and entombed at Celle. The other was Christian Duke of Brunswick *Wolfenbuttel*, born 1599, died 1626, and buried at Wolfenbuttel.

The hereditary archives of the country speak largely of the distinguished heroism of these two Princes, even at a period when Germany was a land of heroes. That the writer of this little narrative, founded on such documents, has been able to consult so many, she owes, in a great measure, to the friendship of Sir Andrew Haliday — a gentleman who personally explored the venerable records of the House of Brunswick on the spot, and is now compiling its regular history; giving, in the substance of attested facts, a portrait of those illustrious characters

of whom this tale is only the shade. But if it should be received as *a fore-bode*, in the language of his country that "coming events cast their shadows before!" she will be doubly gratified in thus deriving honour with the expression of her obligation.

THE END.

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